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REVIEWS

The Life and Correspondence of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Knight, President of the Royal Academy, LL.D. F.R.S., Knight of the Legion of Honour, &c. By D. E. Williams, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Colburn & Bentley.

A collection of all the advertisements and paragraphs which announced the Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence, by Thomas Campbell, would make a very pleasant article;—poetry and painting, personal friendship and congeniality of tastes, were intertwined in all possible combinations: the great painter of the age had passed from us, and the great poet was self-devoted to do him honour; friends were warned off from intrusion by lithographed circulars; and when public expectation had been roused to the highest pitch, lo! the Life of Lawrence comes forth, written by a Mr. Williams! It will be a deep descent for an excited public from Thomas Campbell to Thomas Williams, or John, or Lloyd, or Llewellyn, or whatever other christian name the gentleman may have; and deeper, it may be imagined, than necessity required:—not so; the extravagant announcements of the original work so staggered persons of repute in the literary world, that they were unwilling to risk the disappointment which must follow expectations so extravagantly excited, and which not a twenty-Campbell-power itself could have gratified. The real manufacture of the work devolved, therefore, of necessity, on some illustrious obscure; and the writer of the immortal 'Memoir' in the first number of the 'Juvenile' offers himself as the sacrifice. We say this without any angry feeling towards the publishers, for the book is better than we anticipated it would be; but we hold up the folly of the past as a warning for the future;—and still less from any prejudice against the writer, for the becoming modesty of his preface has secured for him our kindest feelings. We now come to the consideration of the work itself.

The Life of Lawrence was due to the public: his friends and family seem to have been sensible of this, and willing to contribute all in their power; and Mr. Williams has the merit of having laboured delightfully in collecting and arranging the facts and papers submitted to him. Still, it is extraordinary that, with these advantages on the one part, and care on the other, so little should appear in this work of the private life and character of Lawrence. We never once penetrate into the studio of the artist, or pass an evening with him in the quiet of domestic life, or get glimpses of his manners and habits when free from the artificial restraint of artificial society. We are *told* many things, but the reader must take them on repute. Lawrence appears before him the same quiet, dignified, gentle courtier that he was known to be *in public*; indeed, wherever there is anything of interest, the painter is only incidentally concerned.

Had it not been our duty to labour through the two volumes, the first fifty pages would have worn out our curiosity, and we should have dipped only into the remainder: these fifty pages are filled with proofs that the innkeeper of Devizes was not descended from a Sir Thomas Lawrence, the companion of Richard the lion-hearted; of anecdotes of the innkeeper and his wife, of the son—of the same character, if not identical with the wearisome multitude that ran the round of the papers immediately after his decease; comparative notices of the early manifestation of taste and love of art in English painters. These may be all essential to a perfect biography, but they are very far from interesting. These fifty pages, however, bring us to the public life of Lawrence; for at *ten years of age* he was settled, professionally, at Bath; his portrait had been painted by Prince Hoare, and engraved by Sherwin; he was the "admired of all beholders," sailing in the full tide of patronage and public favour: it was the fashion to be drawn by the boy prodigy;—several of his crayon portraits were already engraved—the originals were sent to London, and even to Paris—and the father's house, or his own, for his genius mainly contributed to support the establishment, was the resort of all the distinguished idlers of that idle and fashionable place. Lawrence was entirely self-taught; and when an offer was made to send him to Italy, and advance a thousand pounds to defray the expense, it was declined. His father is said to have entertained the strange notion, that genius needs no instruction; but it is more than probable that the profits of his genius could not be spared. Wholly uninstructed, however, Lawrence remained—for the demands on his time left him little leisure to seek for further knowledge; yet such was the vigorous strength of his own mind and fine natural taste, that, when only sixteen, he received, with unusual marks of approbation, the silver palette from the Society of Arts, for a copy of the 'Transfiguration;' and this seems to have determined his family to remove to London. He was now introduced to Sir Joshua—got into good society—worked on with diligence and moderate success; but no event of importance marks the first years of his town residence. Speaking of his works at that time, Mr. Evans, the artist, observes,

"Two drawings of his now before me, done in 1789 and 1790, are, in every respect, equal to his maturest productions of a similar kind, except only in that exquisite refinement of expression and execution, which he pre-eminently attained, though at the expense of much of the vigour and freedom which those early works possessed." i. 108.

By the express desire of his Majesty, Lawrence, when only twenty-two, was admitted an associate of the Academy, contrary, we believe, to its laws, which fix the age at twenty-four. He had been proposed on the same strong recommendation a twelvemonth earlier, but was rejected, which gave rise to one of Peter Pindar's Odes:—

Refuse a Monarch's mighty orders!
It smells of treason—on rebellion borders.
'Sdeath, Sirs! it was the Queen's fond wish as well,
That Master Lawrence should come in!
Against a Queen so gentle, to rebel,
This is another crying sin!

On the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lawrence was chosen Painter to the Dilettante Society; and that he might be admitted a member, one of the orders was rescinded, for "no person was admissible who had not crossed the Alps"; and he was further appointed portrait-painter in ordinary to his Majesty. His success justifies the selection, otherwise it was an unusual and hardly a right proceeding, to appoint an associate of only a few months' standing, to so honourable an office, while such men as West, Opie, Barry, and Fuseli, were academicians.

Lawrence was now fully employed: their Majesties sat to him; and for one portrait of the King, bought by Sir Sampson Gideon, he received the extraordinary sum of three hundred guineas; yet even at this time Lawrence was in great difficulties, and so continued to the last hour of his life. Mr. Williams says much to prove what was *not* the cause; and he so laboriously explains away all that has hitherto been given in explanation, that he leaves it more a mystery than ever. Mr. Williams is indeed remarkably skilful in telling many particulars that amount to nothing; the connexion between Lawrence and Mrs. Wolf is shadowed off in the same ingenious manner.

From henceforth Lawrence rose progressively in public fame, until he became the President of the Academy, and the patronized of royalty. The chronological and critical notices of his works—the squabbles of the Academy—his intimacy with the Princess of Wales—and other details that occupy the remainder of the first volume, though necessarily brought forward, is not enlivened with much of really private information. We learn little that was not known before; but some of his letters in the second volume will compensate the reader. All that relates to the Princess Charlotte is of absorbing interest, and we shall extract every word of it:—

"In 1817, Sir Thomas Lawrence was commissioned to paint the portrait of the latter a second time, and he staid at Claremont during nine days. He one morning filled up a few vacant hours in writing to his friend, and his description of the habits of the newly-married and juvenile offsprings and heirs of royalty, forms a calm, un-

ostentatious, and delightful picture of domestic life. How ill such pleasures would have been exchanged for the public splendour and costly amusements by which they were tempted. It is a source of infinite gratification to lay before the country such a testimony to the disposition and virtues of one, in whom centered so much of the public hope and love.

"*Extracts from Letters of Sir Thomas Lawrence.*

"I am now returned from Claremont, my visit to which was agreeable to me in every respect; both in what regarded myself, my reception, and the complete success of my professional labours, and in the satisfaction of seeing the perfect harmony in which this young couple now live, and of observing the good qualities which promise to make it lasting.

"The princess is, as you know, wanting in elegance of deportment, but has nothing of the hoyden or of that boisterous hilarity which has been ascribed to her: her manner is exceedingly frank and simple, but not rudely abrupt nor coarse; and I have, in this little residence of nine days, witnessed undeniable evidence of an honest, just, English nature, that reminded me, from its immediate decision between the right and wrong of a subject, and the downrightness of the feeling that governed it, of the good King, her grandfather. If she does nothing gracefully, she does every thing kindly.

"She already possesses a great deal of that knowledge of the past history of this country, that ought to form a part of her peculiar education.

"It is exceedingly gratifying to see that she both loves and respects Prince Leopold, whose conduct, indeed, and character, seem justly to deserve those feelings. From the report of the gentlemen of his household, he is considerate, benevolent, and just, and of very amiable manners. My own observation leads me to think, that, in his behaviour to her, he is affectionate and attentive, rational and discreet; and, in the exercise of that judgment which is sometimes brought in opposition to some little thoughtlessness, he is so cheerful and slily humorous, that it is evident (at least it appears to me so) that she is already more in dread of his opinion than of his displeasure.

"Their mode of life is very regular: they breakfast together alone about eleven: at half-past twelve she came in to sit to me, accompanied by Prince Leopold, who stayed great part of the time: about three, she would leave the painting-room to take her airing round the grounds in a low phaëton with her ponies, the Prince always walking by her side: at five, she would come in and sit to me till seven; at six, or before it, he would go out with his gun to shoot either hares or rabbits, and return about seven or half-past; soon after which, we went to dinner, the Prince and Princess appearing in the drawing-room just as it was served up. Soon after the dessert appeared, the Prince and Princess retired to the drawing-room, whence we soon heard the pianoforte accompanying their voices. At his own time, Colonel Addenbrooke, the chamberlain, proposed our going in, always, as I thought, to disturb them.

"After coffee, the card-table was brought, and they sat down to whist, the young couple being always partners, the others changing. You know *my superiority* at whist, and the unfairness of my sitting down with unskilful players; I therefore did not obey command, and from ignorance of the *delicacy* of my motives, am recommended to study Hoyle before my second visit there next week, which indeed must be a very short one.

"The Prince and Princess retire at eleven o'clock." p. 73—6.

We leave out the link in the narrative that connects this pleasant description with the melancholy scene described in the following, (for it is written in a sad taste,) and only add, that the most amiable and beloved of women died within a month from the date of the above letter:—

"Popular love, and the enthusiasm of sorrow, never towards greatness perhaps so real, saw in her a promised Elizabeth, and while yet she lived it was a character which I should sincerely have assigned to her, as that which she would most nearly have approached: certain I am that she would have been a true monarch, have loved her people,—charity and justice, high integrity, (as I have stated) frankness and humanity, were essentials and fixed in her character: her mind seemed to have nothing of subtlety or littleness in it, and she had all the courage of her station.

"She once said, 'I am a great coward, but I bluster it out like the best of them till the danger's over.' I was told by one of the members of the council awaiting her delivery, that Dr. Baillie came in, and said in answer to some inquiries, 'She's doing very well: she'll not die of fear: she puts a good Brunswick face upon the matter.' She had a surprisingly quick ear, which I was pleasantly warned of: whilst playing whist, which being played for shillings, was not the most silent game I ever witnessed, she would suddenly reply to something that the Baron or I would be talking of, in the lowest tone, at the end of the room, whilst her companions at the table were ignorant of the cause of her observations.

"I have increased respect for the Bishop of Salisbury, because he appeared to have fully performed his duty in her education. She had, as I have said, great knowledge of the history of this country, and in the businesses of life, and a readiness in anecdotes of political parties in former reigns.

"How often I see her now entering the room, (constantly on his arm,) with slow but firm step, always erect,—and the small, but elegant proportion of her head to her figure, of course more striking from her situation. Her features, as you see, were beautifully cut; her clear blue eye, so open, so like the fearless purity of truth, that the most experienced parasite must have turned from it when he dared to *lie*.

"I was stunned by her death: it was an event in the great drama of life. The return from Elba! Waterloo! St. Helena! Princess Charlotte dead!—I did not grieve, I have not grieved half enough for her: yet I never think of her, speak of her, write of her, without tears, and have often, when alone, addressed her in her bliss, as though she now saw me, heard me; and it is because I respect her for her singleness of worth, and am grateful for her past, and meditated kindness.

"Her manner of addressing Prince Leopold was always as affectionate as it was simple; 'My love;' and his always, 'Charlotte.' I told you that when we went in from dinner they were generally sitting at the pianoforte, often on the same chair. I never heard her play, but the music they had been playing was always of the finest kind.

"I was at Claremont, on a call of inquiry, the Saturday before her death. Her last command to me was, that I should bring down the picture to give to Prince Leopold upon his birthday, the 16th of the next month. * * *

"If I do not make reply to different parts of your letter, (always satisfactory in a correspondence,) it is because I fear, having no long time to write in, that I may lose something by delay, in narrating the circumstances of my yesterday's visit to Claremont, when I was enabled, through the gracious kindness of my sovereign, to fulfil that promise so solemnly given and now become so sacred a pledge.

"It was my wish that Prince Leopold should see the picture on his first entering the room to his breakfast, and accordingly at seven o'clock I set off with it in a coach. I got to Claremont, uncovered and placed it in the room in good time. Before I took it there, I carried it in to Colonel Addenbrooke, Baron Hardenbroch, and Dr. Short, who had been her tutor. Sir Robert Gardiner came in, and went out immediately. Dr. Short looked at it for some time in silence, but I saw his lips trembling, and his eyes filled to overflowing. He said nothing, but went out; and soon after him Colonel Addenbrooke. The Baron and I then placed the picture in the Prince's room.

"When I returned to take my breakfast, Colonel Addenbrooke came in: he said, 'I don't know what to make of these fellows; there's Sir Robert Gardiner swears he can't stay in the room with it; that if he sees it in one room, he'll go into another.'—Then there's Dr. Short. I said, I suppose by your going out and saying nothing, you don't like the picture. 'Like it,' he said, (and he was blubbering) 'tis so like her, and so amiable, that I could not stay in the room.'—More passed on the subject, not worth detailing. I learnt that the Prince was very much overcome by the sight of the picture, and the train of recollections that it brought with it. Colonel Addenbrooke went in to the Prince, and returning shortly, said, 'The Prince desires me to say how much obliged to you he is for this attention, that he shall always remember it. He said, 'Do you think Sir Thomas Lawrence would wish to see me? If he would, I shall be very glad to see him.'—I replied that I thought you would: so if you like, he will see you whenever you choose, before your departure.' Soon after, I went in to him. As I passed through the hall, Dr. Short came up to me, (he had evidently been, and was crying,) and thanked me for having painted such a picture. 'No one is a better judge than I am, Sir,' and he turned away.

"The Prince was looking exceedingly pale; but he received me with calm firmness, and that low, subdued voice that you know to be the *effort* at composure. He spoke at once about the picture and of its value to him more than to all the world besides. From the beginning to the close of the interview, he was greatly affected. He checked his first burst of affection, by adverting to the public loss, and that of the royal family. 'Two generations gone!—gone in a moment! I have felt for myself, but I have felt for the Prince Regent. My Charlotte is gone from this country—it has lost her. She was a good, she was an admirable woman. None could know my Charlotte as I did know her! It was my happiness, my duty to know her character, but it was my delight.' During a short pause I spoke of the impression it had made on me. 'Yes, she had a clear, fine understanding, and very quick—she was candid, she was open, and not suspecting, but she saw characters at the glance—she read them so true. You saw her; you saw something of us—you saw us for some *days*—you saw our *year!* Oh! what happiness—and it was solid—it could not change, for we knew each other—except when I went out to shoot, we were together always, and we *could* be together—we did not tire.'

"I tried to check this current of recollection, that was evidently overpowering him (as it was me) by a remark on a part of the picture, and then on its likeness to the youth of the old King. 'Ah! and my child was like her, for one so young, (as if it had really lived in childhood). For one so young it was surprisingly like—the nose, it was higher than children's are—the mouth, so like hers; so cut (trying to describe its mouth on his own). My grief did not think of it, but if I could have had a drawing of it! She was always thinking of others, not of herself—no one so little selfish—always looking out for comfort for others. She had been for hours, for many hours, in great pain—she was

in that situation where selfishness must act if it exists—when *good* people will be selfish, because pain makes them so—and my Charlotte was not—any grief could not make her so! She thought our child was alive; I knew it was not, and I could not support her mistake. I left the room, for a short time: in my absence they took courage, and informed her. When she recovered from it, she said, 'Call in Prince Leopold—there is none can comfort him but me!' My Charlotte, my dear Charlotte! And now, looking at the picture, he said, Those beautiful hands, that at the last, when she was talking to others were always looking out for mine!"

"I need not tell you my part in this interview; he appeared to rely on my sharing his thoughts.

* * * * *

"Towards the close of our interview, I asked him, 'if the princess at the *last* felt her danger?' He said, 'No; my Charlotte thought herself very ill, but not in danger. And she was so well but an hour and a half after the delivery!—And she said I should not leave her again—and I should sleep in that room—and she should have in the sofa-bed—and she should have it where she liked—she herself would have it fixed. She was strong, and had so much courage, yet once she seemed to fear. You remember she was affected when you told her that you could not paint my picture just at that time; but she was much more affected when we were alone—and I told her I should sit when we went to Marlborough House after her confinement, "Then," she said, "if you are to sit when you go to town, and after my confinement—then I may never see that picture." My Charlotte felt she never should.'

"More passed in our interview, but not much more—chiefly, my part in it. At parting he pressed my hand firmly—held it long, I could almost say affectionately. I had been, by all this conversation, so impressed with esteem for him, that an attempt to kiss his hand that grasped mine was resistless, but it was checked on both sides. *I* but bowed—and he drew my hand towards him: he then bade me good by, and on leaving the room turned back to give me a slow parting nod,—and though half blinded myself, I was struck with the exceeding paleness of his look across the room. His bodily health, its youthfulness cannot sink under this heaviest affliction! And his mind is rational; but when *thus* leaving the room, his tall dark figure, pale face, and solemn manner, for the moment looked a melancholy presage.

"I know that your good-nature will forgive my not answering your letter in detail, since I have refrained from it but to give you this narration of beings so estimable, so happy, and so parted.

"Prince Leopold's voice is of very fine tone, and gentle; and its articulation exceedingly clear, accurate, and impressive, without the slightest affectation. You know that sort of reasoning emphasis of manner with which the tongue conveys whatever deeply interests the mind. His 'My Charlotte!' is affecting: he does not pronounce it as 'Me Charlotte,' but very simply and evenly, '*My* Charlotte.'" ii. 80—5.

We could not abridge these letters of a single word without doing them injustice; we could not defer a single week to quote them; and if, in our anxiety to present them to the reader, we have hurried forward somewhat hastily, we will next week proceed with more becoming regularity.

Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vol. III.

View of Ancient and Modern Egypt, with an outline of its Natural History. By the Rev. Michael Russell, LL.D. 1831. Edinburgh, Oliver & Boyd; London, Simpkin & Marshall.

The great interest which attaches to the history of the ancient Egyptians, arising, as it does, from the high state of civilization they had undoubtedly attained at a period when the arts and sciences of cultivated life were yet exclusively their own, creates so strong a desire for information—so laudable a curiosity to penetrate the labyrinth of the past, that we eagerly seize, even from the hasty description of the most superficial observer, any fact that, by direct evidence or remote analogy, can add lustre to the few dim rays which have so long cast their feeble light on the annals of a once powerful nation.

The want of authentic records, the conflicting testimony of ancient writers, and the fanciful speculations of authors, who, in the absence of real information, have dressed mere conjecture in the garb of fact, are serious obstacles in the pursuit of knowledge, and thus the history of ancient Egypt is veiled by the dense cloud which has so long obscured its records.

The peculiar geographical position of Egypt, and the barbarous state of the modern inhabitants, operated strongly to prevent scientific men from often travelling in that country. Before the invasion by the French, a journey through Egypt was always a service of considerable danger, and could scarcely be accomplished by many persons, who by their learning seemed to possess every qualification for the purposes of scientific research. There were other requisites which are seldom learned by studious men; and the traveller, in addition to the most obviously needful acquirements, must have possessed that tact and knowledge of human nature, which could alone enable him to temporize with a barbarous people, with whom open violence, stratagem, or submission, were expedients occasionally to be resorted to, but equally dangerous if misapplied.

From the period of the French expedition, the political state of Egypt has gradually offered increasing facilities to the curious traveller; and the present Viceroy is sufficiently enlightened to perceive that his own interests are intimately connected with commerce and good faith towards other nations, while he must be perfectly aware that Egypt, though held in subjection by a few thousand Turks, would be a very expensive country to any European possessor. Thus, he receives strangers courteously, and permits them to travel without restriction throughout his extensive dominions—a privilege scarcely to be obtained in certain courts of Europe.

With such opportunities, much has certainly been done within these few years; and the researches of modern travellers whose names are familiar to our readers, have added greatly to the knowledge we possessed of the magnificence of ancient Egypt. The study of hieroglyphics, from the discovery of the Rosetta Stone, to the personal visit of Champollion to the seat of information, has gradually opened to our view fresh records of the past. It is true, we see the picture yet but dimly, though the day may come, when the sublime remains of Thebes shall illustrate the history of her enlightened rulers.

The works of authors, ancient and modern, who have written on Egypt, are now very numerous; and though they collectively contain an immense mass of information, yet, being for the most part narratives of journeys, descriptions are necessarily often repeated, and sometimes copied from one to the other. Many ingenious speculations, though thought to be true in the absence of better information, are often proved to be false by subsequent discovery. It thus happens, that, to obtain a general idea of all that is known respecting Egypt, much more must be read than is necessary to the purpose, and many volumes must be waded through, for the sake of a few solitary observations of value.

To combine the labours and confront the testimony of authors—to collect from the many pages of multiplied travels, the scattered arguments and collateral proofs in support of particular hypotheses—in fact, to condense and bring before our view the sum total, as it were, of knowledge, has been the object of the work now before us. That has been well accomplished; and we have much satisfaction in recommending to our readers a work where they will find, in a small compass, a great mass of interesting information; we are happy in being able to call their attention to a study which has hitherto been neglected by many, on account of the labour of consulting a variety of works on the subject. In a limited work like the present, facts are recorded, to the exclusion, in many instances, of the arguments on which they are founded; but, as facts are the object of research, the general reader will often feel more gratification by a mere narration of them, than by a developement of the elaborate studies on which they are founded.

This excellent work commences with some judicious remarks on the probable origin of learning in the East, and the progress of civilization in Egypt; from whence it proceeds to the physical properties and geographical distribution of that country. Our author here gives a concise but clear description of the Valley of the Nile, from which the following passage is extracted:—

"The physical qualities of Egypt are not less remarkable than its stupendous works of art and its early civilization. It presents itself to the eye of the traveller as an immense valley, extending nearly 600 miles in length, and hemmed in, on either side, by a ridge of hills and a vast expanse of desert. Viewed as an alluvial basin, it owes its existence entirely to the Nile, which flows through it from south to north, conveying annually to the inhabitants the main source of their agricultural wealth, salubrity to their climate, and beauty to their landscape. The breadth of the cultivable soil varies, of course, according to the direction of the rocky barriers by which its limits are determined,—spreading, at some parts, into a spacious plain, while, at others, it contracts its dimensions to less than two leagues. The mean width has been estimated at about nine miles; and hence, including the whole area from the shores of the Delta to the first cataract, the extent of land capable of bearing crops has been reckoned to contain ten millions of acres." p. 30-1.

Fears having been expressed by more than one writer that the land about the Nile will ultimately be raised beyond the reach of the annual inundation, the following answer to such hypothesis appears to us satisfactory:—

"As the formation of land in the Delta pro-

ceeds at a quicker rate than in the higher parts of the river, the issue of water into the sea becomes, year after year, less rapid, and consequently less copious; the current is retarded by the accumulation of mud; the mouths are successively choked by the increasing masses of sand and soil; and hence, in the course of ages, the stream, creating a barrier against its own escape, is thrown back upon the adjoining valley, and becomes the willing servant of the agriculturist from Rosetta to the Cataracts. * * *

"While this cause continues to operate in checking the velocity of the inundation in the northern division of the country, the entrance of the river at Philoe is gradually facilitated by the removal of those obstructions which, in ancient times, secured to Nubia the advantages of an annual irrigation such as Egypt now enjoys, and which still partially oppose the motion of the descending flood. The traveller discovers on both sides of the Nubian valley many traces of an extended cultivation which no longer exists. The ridge of rocks which formerly crossed the line of the river, and gave rise to the magnificent falls, the sound of which was heard at the distance of so many leagues and stunned the neighbouring inhabitants, has been insensibly corroded and worn down by the action of the rushing water, and presents in these days only a few tokens of its original extent."

That all cataracts will ultimately be resolved into rapids, is certainly probable; but the first cataract of the Nile appears to have undergone more alteration in the space of 2000 years, than is likely to have attended any other of the great cataracts with which we are acquainted, because the rocks are not one continued mass of stone, but a series of rudely-formed crystals of a cubical form, like great stones heaped upon each other, and therefore easily deranged. We cannot, however, admit, that the river can be less *copious* than it was formerly, though it may be less rapid.

The mechanical labours of the ancient Egyptians form the subject of an interesting chapter of this work; and the great exertions of Belzoni, Caviglia, and others, at the pyramids of Djizeh, are very distinctly described. The opinions respecting the probable use of these great structures appear to us extremely doubtful, if we depart from the notion of their being merely temples and sumptuous repositories for the dead; and we are inclined to believe that the Egyptians had some better or less expensive mode of observing the passage of the heavenly bodies over the meridian and zenith, than by passages in pyramids, and solstitial wells: particularly as the former were evidently intended to be permanently closed.

The literature and science of the ancient Egyptians form a valuable portion of the work; from which we extract the following introductory passages. After speaking of the rude attempts at expressing ideas by pictures of objects, our author says,—

"The first and simplest expedient, then, is that already mentioned, of attempting to convey and perpetuate the knowledge of an event by forming a rude picture of it. The inconvenience inseparable from such a method would soon suggest the practice of reducing the delineation, and of substituting a sword for an armed man, a flag for an invading host, and a curved line for a ship. In the earlier stages of contraction, the abbreviated forms would still retain a faint resemblance to the original figure; but in process of time, as the number of ideas and relations increased, the signs would deviate farther from the likeness of an object, and assume more and more the character of a conventional mark, expressive of thought as well as of mere existence. At this era, however, which may be regarded as the second in order, every sign would continue to be a separate word, denoting some individual thing, together with all the circumstances and associated reflections which could be conveyed by so imperfect a vehicle. * * *

"The third and most valuable movement in the progress of grammatical invention, is that which provides a sign for expressing a sound instead of denoting a thing, and dissects human speech into letters instead of stopping at words. The apparatus for accomplishing this object appears to have been at the first sufficiently awkward and inconvenient. In order to write the name of a man, for example, the ingenuity of the Egyptian philologist could suggest nothing more suitable than to arrange, in a given space, a certain number of objects, the initial letters of which, when pronounced, would furnish the sounds required. For instance, if a person following that scheme of notation wished to record that Pompey had landed in Egypt, he would describe the action by the wonted signs employed in picture-writing; but to express the appellation of the General, he would find it necessary to draw as many objects as would supply in the first letters of their names, *P, o, m, p, e, y*. In writing the word London, on this principle, we might take the figures of a *lion*, of an *oak*, of a *net*, of a *door*, of an *oval*, and of a *nail*; the initial sounds or first letters of which words would give the name of the British capital.

"After a certain period there arose, from this modified hieroglyphic, a regular alphabet constructed so as to represent and express the various sounds uttered by the human voice. * *

"But in Egypt the use of the hieroglyph was not entirely superseded by the invention of an alphabet. For many purposes connected with religion, and even with the more solemn occupations of civil life, the emblematical style of composition continued to enjoy a preference; on a principle similar to that which disposes the Jew to perform his worship in Hebrew, and the Roman Catholic in Latin. There appears also to have been a mixed language used by the priests, partaking at once of hieroglyphics and of alphabetical characters; which, in allusion to the class of men by whom it was employed, was denominated hieratic. Hence, in process of time, the Egyptians found themselves in possession of three different modes of communication,—the hieroglyphic, properly so called; the hieratic; and the demotic or common." 177—81.

An abstract of the descriptions, given by different writers, of the antiquities throughout Egypt, next follows, of which our limits permit us only to transcribe a very judicious observation towards the conclusion of the chapter.

"There is no other nation in the world, if we except those on the eastern borders of Asia,—whose real history has not yet been made known to the European reader,—which could present such a retrospect at the same early period, or gratify the traveller with the display of so much magnificence and beauty. Nor must our opinion of Egyptian science, art, and general civilization, be limited to the rigid inferences which alone an examination of their actual remains might appear to justify. On the contrary, we are entitled to assume the most liberal rule of reasoning in regard to the acquirements of a people who surpassed, to such an extent, all their contemporaries westward of the Arabian Desert, and to conclude that in other matters, the memorials of which could not be conveyed to posterity by the architect or the sculptor, the priests and sovereigns of the Nile had made a corresponding progress." 280-1.

The civil history of modern Egypt in this work abounds with interest, and is traced from the Saracenic dynasties, down to the present time, where it loses nothing in the exploits and character of Mohammed Ali, the present ruler of a vast empire, whose conquests extend from the Cataracts to Sennaar. The whole account from the time of the French and English expeditions is so extremely interesting, that we scarcely know how to select from so entertaining a narrative. The following, as illustrative of the character of Mohammed Ali, may be acceptable:—

"That Mohammed Ali is a despot, and even in some respects a barbarian, cannot be denied; but there is, notwithstanding, in all his institutions, so much of wisdom and patriotism that he unquestionably deserves to occupy a high place among those adventurers who have so well profited by revolutions as to place themselves on a throne. His ambition, though dishonoured by the means which he has occasionally found it necessary to adopt, is, upon the whole, of the right kind, and has all along been directed to the promotion of the national welfare rather than to his own personal aggrandizement. If he has dyed his hands in blood, it has been in that of the worst enemies of Egypt; and if he has in numerous cases had recourse to arbitrary government, his object, it must be acknowledged, has ever been the security and improvement of the distracted country over which it has been his lot to preside." p. 352.

The state of Egypt under the government of Mohammed Ali, supplies the materials of the next chapter. The successful plantation of cotton is thus described:—

"M. Jumel discovered one day in the garden of a Turk called Mako, a plant of the cotton-tree, which he afterwards propagated with so much skill and success as to have changed, says Planat, the commerce and statistics of Egypt. This important vegetable bears the name of the Frenchman who first made the government acquainted with its manifold uses as an article of domestic manufacture and of foreign trade. Jumel erected at Boulak, near Cairo, a superb establishment, equal in its structure to the finest European manufactory, for spinning, weaving, dyeing, and printing of cotton goods. The latest improvements in machinery were borrowed from Rouen or Manchester; steam is the principal moving power; and gas is employed for the purposes of artificial light." p. 364.

The work goes on to describe the establishment of the court at Cairo—the administration of justice—the religion and political ordinances of the state; and the remaining chapters comprise a succinct account of the Oases or fertile spots in the deserts—of Ancient Berenice, and the desert of the Thebaid—the manners and customs of the inhabitants; concluding with a sketch of the natural history of the country. We have already exceeded our proposed limits, and we can therefore only refer our readers to the work itself, where, if they think as we do, they will find an ample store of amusement.

CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA—VOL. XVIII.

The History of England. By the Rt. Hon. Sir James Mackintosh, LL.D. Vol. II. London, 1831. Longman.

TAKING a cursory retrospect of English history, from the time when the faint light of authentic tradition first dawns forth from the surrounding darkness of fabulous story, the progress of our national greatness appears like that of the "shining light"—"brighter and brighter unto the perfect day." But a

clear view, and a more extended inquiry, will soon dispel this illusive judgment, and we shall find the clear dawn overcast with thick-coming clouds. We have been led to these remarks by contemplating the period with which the second volume of Sir James Mackintosh's history of England commences —the wars of the rival roses. Most truly does he say, that the period of these wars is one of the darkest in our history. It is so, indeed; not only in regard to the paucity of historical notices, (contemporary and authentic, we mean,) and the fierce and murderous character of these wars, which deluged, for nearly half a century, the fields of England with the blood of her noblest sons; but, more than all, because these wide-wasting and sanguinary contests were not, as in the struggle for the great charter, for important rights—not, as in the wars of the barons with the third Henry, for the maintenance of charters which had been solemnly sealed amid all the imposing ceremonial of tolling bells, closed book, and extinguished tapers;—but for that doctrine, that surest foundation of all arbitrary rule—the inalienable right of hereditary succession. This doctrine, heretofore unknown to England—for the Conqueror claimed his throne by gift from the people, and Stephen appealed to the same source, and Bolingbroke's recent seizure of the crown was ratified by parliament on the express principle, that the nation was competent to pass by one branch of the royal family, and to select another—this doctrine, so disastrous to England in its after-results, first walked through the land in its length and breadth, beneath the snowy banners of York. In vain did the Lancastrian party constitutionally demand, what better right could a king of England advance than "the sanction of parliament for three descents"? and point to the large accession of liberty obtained from the monarchs of the red rose: the partizans of York, eagerly seizing the paradox, which represents the crown of a great nation as the same kind of personal property as the yeoman's paternal acres, or the merchant's well-earned gains, aroused the strong passions of the multitude at the expense of their weaker judgment, by exhibiting the royal House of York as cruelly robbed of its family possessions by its exclusion from the throne.

Still, during the earlier days of this disastrous struggle, the Lancastrians were true to their great principle; and, had Henry possessed aught of the determined energy of his grandfather, or one spark of the noble and chivalric spirit of his idolized father, the Red Rose might have bloomed unblighted, and constitutional liberty have been firmly established at least two centuries earlier than it was. But Henry was weakness itself—a mere crowned puppet; and the real power was in the hands, first, of the hated Cardinal Beaufort, and subsequently in those of Margaret—a splendid woman, but most unpopular, not merely on account of her far-grasping ambition, but for the connivance in the atrocious murder of the "good Duke of Gloster," attributed to her (though, perhaps, unjustly,) by popular fame, for the disgraceful surrender of our Norman possessions, consequent on the transfer of Anjou and Maine, to the sway of her incompetent father; and more than these, for her foreign birth and connexions. Viewing this, the people felt inclined, on Lancastrian principles, to demand, wherefore should they retain an utterly useless king, while from another branch of the same family one wholly capable could be found. Then was war proclaimed; and beneath the symbols of the rival houses, all the chivalry of England rushed to war.

And now, when York prevailed, and the meek king Henry, driven from his throne, became a wanderer among the mountain fastnesses of Yorkshire and Cumberland, the Lancastrians saw the importance of appealing to the feelings of the multitude; and the arguments which had been found so cogent on behalf of a family merely *excluded* from a throne, became irresistible when advanced on behalf of him who had actually been *driven* from it. Should Henry, son of that hero, the only monarch who, by absolute conquest, won the proud right of quartering with the lions of England the lilies of vanquished France—should he, the son, not merely of that hero of Agincour, but grandson and great-grandson of crowned princes, wander houseless and degraded? Should he, beside whose cradle was laid the sceptre of the realm, whose baby-brow was spanned by the proud circlet of the Plantagenets, and whose baby-hand was stretched out to affix the Great Seal to instruments, for the government, not merely of England, but of the wide kingdom of France—should he be driven from his birth-right throne? And resistless was the call—onward rushed the stout yeomanry with bill and bow, forth pricked the knights, lance in rest;—while even Margaret, detested while in undisturbed possession of the throne, became an object of deep and devoted sympathy on the lost battle-field, and spontaneous aid was proffered to the crownless queen, which had been scornfully refused to the ambitious though gifted woman. Very natural, very amiable were those feelings; but from that time the nation lost its free character. The strife was for names, not principles—for the elevation of one branch of one family, not for important rights. Men became so accustomed to be called by the names of their leaders, that they almost forgot their own; and when the field of Bosworth finally decided the forty years' contest, freedom revived not with the re-blossoming red rose, but a sullen despotism weighed down the energies of the nation, and maxims of arbitrary rule and divine right took place of those free principles, which added lustre to the thrice illustrious reigns of our Plantagenets.

We have been more prolix on this subject than we had intended, but we considered the review of this period of our history as affording the best opportunity of throwing some light upon a question which for a length of time appeared to us very difficult of elucidation—and which, very unaccountably, has been passed over by our most popular historians without inquiry, although every reader of English history must have felt astonishment at the wide difference which characterized the governments of the Lancastrian and Tudor princes, though scarcely half a century had intervened.

To return to the present volume, which comprises the period extending from 1422 to 1558—we regret to find Sir James following so closely in the footsteps of those preceding historians, who compiled their narratives of these fierce conflicts and obscure but important events chiefly from the "lying chronicles" (as they have been termed by a competent judge) of Hall, More, and Grafton. In regard to some of the most important events of the fifteenth century, their testimony has been proved, by comparison with state documents, to be utterly false; and when we remember the situation in which they were placed by the circumstances of the times, we must immediately perceive how little credit they are entitled to. Hall, Grafton, and More, all flourished toward the end of Henry VIII.'s reign, consequently neither of them could have been an eye-witness of those leading events, which transferred the crown of the Plantagenets to the brow of Tudor; they were all forced to depend on testimony: and even allowing that information had been abundant, what kind of testimony was it that they would be likely to obtain, and yet more, would dare to publish, writing as the very "indentured servants" of a dynasty that had but a secondary claim in right of the House of York, no claim whatever in right of the House of Lancaster, and which felt itself so insecure even in the second reign, that many of the most ancient nobility, and some remote branches even of the blood royal, had been sacrificed to the fears of a disputed succession? Was it possible for men thus circumstanced to act the part of impartial historians? was it possible that men writing, as Hall and Grafton state, "at the instance of his highness," should never omit a displeasing fact, never alter an unpleasant statement, never modify the account of an event so as to "make the worse appear the better cause"?—truly, if they did not, whatever might have been the fate of the writers, their chronicles would never have been handed down to us, but would have been subjected to the ordeal of "that great purifier of books and men," the judicial fire. We repeat that we lament to find any historian in the present day, and especially one whom we esteem as a general writer, following those very unsafe guides. There are many portions of our history, especially during this century, on which well-founded doubts exist. The murder of the two princes in the Tower, is one; very many acts of atrocity attributed to Richard, are others—indeed, this unfortunate monarch, the blue-beard of our childhood, has been most shamefully treated by these servile chroniclers; for, not content with loading his shoulders with an imaginary hump, they have loaded his memory with the burthen of every crime which their ingenuity, sharpened by their time-serving spirit, could devise. Another curious question is, who was Perkin Warbeck? Sir James Mackintosh, following the statements of these chroniclers, treats him as an impostor; but we have great doubts whether he were not *really*, as he professed, "the White Rose of England." Mr. Bayley in his very interesting and erudite history of the Tower, has brought forward a great body of evidence in support of the Flemish adventurer's claim to the throne, and has also shown on what slender grounds the story of the actual murder of the young princes in the Tower is built. Other corroborative evidence on this subject might be added—which, did our limits admit, we would bring before our readers;—we must, however, pass on.

We are well pleased with the strong terms of reprobation which Sir James Mackintosh

bestows on the character of that brutal despot Henry VIII. As, however, the various incidents of his reign have so lately been the subject of review in these pages, we shall pass it over, merely remarking that the liberal and philosophical spirit displayed in our author's remarks on the suppression of the monasteries, merit the warmest praise. Often have we lamented that upright and conscientious writers should have been so far swayed by party prejudice, as not merely to commend, but absolutely to exult over, what was one of the most disgusting instances of extensive unblushing spoliation that the history of this or any other country can offer. We must insert the following admirable remarks on the rights of property, which conclude the history of this event—for, important and admirable as they are in themselves, they derive an additional importance from the high legislative character of the writer:—

"It may be a fit moment therefore to pause here, in order calmly and shortly to review some of the weighty questions which were involved in this measure. * * * Property is legal possession. Whoever exercises a certain portion of power over any outward thing in a manner which, by the laws of the country, entitles him to an exclusive enjoyment of it, is deemed a proprietor. But property, which is generally deemed to be the incentive to industry, the guardian of order, the preserver of internal quiet, the channel of friendly intercourse between men and nations, and, in a higher point of view, as affording leisure for the pursuit of knowledge, means for the exercise of generosity, occasions for the returns of gratitude; as being one of the ties which join succeeding generations, strengthening domestic discipline, and keeping up the affections of kindred; above all, because it is the principle to which all men adapt their plans of life, and on the faith of whose permanency every human action is performed; is an institution [a right] of so high and transcendent a nature, that every government which does not protect it, nay, that does not rigorously punish its infraction, must be guilty of a violation of the first duties of just rulers. The common feelings of human nature have applied to it the epithets of sacred and inviolable. Property varies in the extent of the powers which it confers, according to the various laws of different states. Its duration, its descent, its acquisition, its alienation, depend solely upon these laws. But all laws consider what is held or transmitted agreeably to their rules as alike possessing the character of inviolable sacredness. * * *

"The legal limits of the authority of the supreme legislature are not a reasonable object of inquiry, nor indeed an intelligible form of expression. But to conclude that, because the law may, in some sense, be said to create property, the law is to be deemed on that account as entitled rightfully to take it away, is a proposition founded on a gross confusion of two very distinguishable conceptions. It uses the word property in the premises for a system of rules, and in the conclusion for a portion of external nature, of which the dominion is acquired by the observance of these rules. It is only in the first of these senses that property can be truly called the creature of law. In the second sense it is acquired or transmitted not by law but by the acts of a man when the acts are conformable to legal rules. * * *

"The clergy, though for brevity sometimes called a corporation, were rather an order in the state composed of many corporations. Their share of the national wealth was immense, consisting of land devised by pious men, and of a tenth part of the produce of the soil set apart by the customary law of Europe, for the support of the parochial clergy. Each clergyman had only in this case an estate for life, to which during its continuance the essential attribute of inviolable possession was as firmly annexed by law as if it had been perpetual. The corporate body was supposed to endure till it was abolished in some of the forms previously and specially provided for by law.

"For one case, however, of considerable perplexity there was neither law nor precedent to light the way. Whenever the supreme power deemed itself bound to change the established church, or even materially to alter the distribution of its revenues, a question necessarily arose concerning the moral boundaries of legislative authority in such cases. It was not, indeed, about a legal boundary; for no specific limit can be assigned to its right of exacting obedience within the national territory. The question was, what governments could do morally and righteously,—what it is right for them to do, and what they would be enjoined to do by a just superior, if such a personage could be found among their fellow-men? At first it may seem that the lands should be restored to the heirs of the original grantor. But no provision for such a reversion was made in the grant. * * * It appeared, therefore, meet and righteous that in this new case, after the expiration of the estates for life, the property granted for a purpose no longer deemed good or the best, should be applied by the legislature to other purposes which they considered as better. But the sacredness of the life estates is an essential condition of the justice of such measures. No man thinks an annuity for life less inviolable during his life, than a portion of land granted to him and to his heirs for ever. That estate might, indeed, be forfeited by a mis-performance of duty; but perfect good faith is in such a case more indispensable than in most others. Fraud can convey no title; false pretences justify no acts. There were gross abuses in the monasteries; but it was not for their offences that the monastic communities fell. The most commendable application of their revenues would have been to purposes as like those for which they were granted as the changes in religious opinion would allow. These were religious instruction and learned education. Some faint efforts were made to apply part to the foundation of new bishoprics; but this was only to cover the profusion with which the produce of rapine was lavished on courtiers and noblemen, to purchase their support of the confiscations, and to ensure their zeal and that of their descendants against the restoration of popery.

"It is a melancholy truth, and may be considered by some as a considerable objection to the principles which have been thus shortly expounded, that if in 'the seizure of abbey lands' the life estates had been spared, the monks, who were the main stay of papal despotism, and the most deadly foes of all reform, would have had arms in their hands which might have rendered them irresistible. * * *

"To which it must be answered, that the observance of justice is more necessary than security for any institution; that many regulations might have stood instead of one deed of rapine; that the milder expedients would have provoked fewer and more reconcilable enemies; that if, on the whole, they afford less security, the legislature were at least bound to try all means before they who were appointed to be the guardians of right set the example of so great a wrong. Rulers can never render so lasting a service to a people as by the example, in a time of danger, of justice to formidable enemies, and of mercy to obnoxious delinquents. These are glorious examples for which much is to be hazarded." p. 218—223.

With the gloomy reign of Mary, and with her most opportune death, the present volume terminates—the period therefore, taken altogether, comprises what may be well considered as the least pleasant portion of our history.

We shall look forward with much interest to Sir James Mackintosh's view of the splendid reign of Elizabeth, and with yet more eager anticipation to his narrative of those spirit-stirring scenes—scenes which, from his long course of study, no less than from his long-cherished feelings, he is so competent to describe—when the sword leaped again from its scabbard, and Englishmen again met in battle, not to maintain the claim of York or Lancaster, not for the red or the white rose, but for rights inalienable as invaluable, for civil and religious freedom—for "the good cause."

The Dramatic Works of Robert Greene; to which are added some of his Poems. By the Rev. Alexander Dyce, B.A. 2 vols.

[Second Notice.]

We promised heretofore, when a little more at leisure, to look critically into Greene's work. Of his dramatic compositions, but six have been handed down to us. The first is 'Orlando Furioso,'—a most worthless composition, considered in a dramatic point of view, but not deficient in passages of great poetical beauty. The next, 'A Looking-glass for London and England,' is very curious, as being the latest specimen of the ancient mystery. The scene is laid in Nineveh: Oseas, the prophet, appears, like the chorus, at the end of every scene, bidding England take warning from the example of the Ninevites—angels and devils play their parts—Jonas and the whale make their appearance; and although the king and his future queen, together with some of the great men at court, rejoice in sufficiently oriental names, and occasionally adopt an oriental mode of speech; yet the mass of the *dramatis personæ* talk and act like thoroughbred Englishmen. We have a usurer counting his marks and angels—a blacksmith eulogizing the potent virtues of "good ale"—a spendthrift taking up "thirty pounds worth of lute-strings"—and a clown talking of "forty pence expended in ale and cakes" for the gossips at his son's christening;—and yet, spite of these and a hundred more strange incongruities, such is the spirit with which each character, but more particularly the comic, is represented, and such is the humour diffused over most of the dialogue, that we think few of our readers, having taken up the 'Looking-glass for London,' would be inclined to lay it down until they had read it quite through. For our own part, we never trace Adam through his drunken scenes, without feeling assured that he is the prototype of Shakspeare's pot-valiant Christopher Sly. The next play is 'The Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay.' This is by far the best of Greene's dramas: each character is well-drawn; that of Margaret is peculiarly pleasing; and the plot is well brought out. Numerous passages displaying high poetic beauty might be selected from it; and the fine prophecy of Bacon, which forms the conclusion, most probably gave the hint to Shakspeare, for that similar prophecy which, in Henry VIII., he puts into the mouth of Cranmer. We shall insert it, for it is indeed Shakspearian:—

BACON. I find† by deep prescience of mine art,
Which once I temper'd in my secret cell,
That here where Brute did build his Troynovant,
From forth the royal garden of a king,
Shall flourish out so rich and fair a bud,
Whose brightness shall deface proud Phœbus' flower,
And over-shadow Albion with her leaves.
Till then, Mars shall be master of the field,
But then the stormy threats of war shall cease:
The horse shall stamp as careless of the pike,
Drums shall be turn'd to timbrels of delight;
With wealthy favours plenty shall enrich
The strond that gladded wandering Brute to see,
And peace from heaven shall harbour in these leaves,
That gorgeous beautify this matchless flower.
Apollo's heliotropion then shall stoop,
And Venus' hyacinth shall vail her top:
Juno shall shut her gilliflowers up,
And Pallas' bay shall 'bash her brightest green;
Ceres' carnation in consort with those,
Shall stoop and wonder at Diana's rose.

What woman ever received such glorious celebration as Elizabeth! What monarch ever boasted such an illustrious band, all hymning her praises! Sydney, Spenser, Peele, Lylly, Daniel, Greene, Shakspeare; —and yet the sweet dews of their delicate flattery were unavailing to fertilize the sandy desert of her heart; the flinty rock, although struck by the prophet's wand, poured not forth streams of refreshing bounty—their hymns were sung to an unanswering deity, and their unwithering garlands proffered to cold stone!

The three other plays of Greene may be passed over without much notice:—'Alphonsus' and 'James the Fourth' are principally important on account of their extreme rarity; and 'George-a-Greene' is well known from its being in Dodsley's Collection. Greene's poetical compositions, which conclude the second volume, consist of the songs, madrigals, and sonnets, which are interspersed throughout his prose works. It is a remarkable and really creditable fact, that while, in his life, Greene was setting morality at defiance, he never prostituted his pen to the service of vice. His 'Dorastus and Faunia,'—from whence Shakspeare derived the plot of his Winter's Tale—and his 'Philomela,' are characterized by the purest morality; while many of his later compositions were written for the express purpose of warning others by his sad example. As a poet, Robert Greene deserves a place far above the generality of our minor poets; his images are abundant, and if not so striking as those of Lylly, nor worked up with so much effect as those of Peele and Marlowe, they are yet seldom extravagant; his versification is remarkably flowing, even in those more difficult metres which the poets of his time were so fond of adopting. In reading his sweetly-flowing numbers, the commendation which Pope has bestowed on Waller, as the first refiner and polisher of English verse, came into our mind; and, did our limits permit, we would bring twenty passages from the long-neglected poems of Robert Greene, which might well throw the sweetest numbers of Waller into the shade. Poor Greene complained bitterly, in his lifetime, of "upstarte crows, beautified with our feathers." It was not, however, contemporary crows alone, that made themselves gay at his expense, for in looking over this collection of his poems, we have been surprised to find how greatly he has been plagiarized. Here is a graceful song, of which we have at least a score of imitations:—

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown:
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown:
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.
The homely house that harbours quiet rest;
The cottage that affords no pride nor care;
The mean that 'grees with country music best;
The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare;
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss:
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

The following elegant sonnet has also been sufficiently copied:—

Ah, were she pitiful as she is fair,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
Then were my hopes greater than my despair,
Then all the world were heaven, nothing woe.
Ah, were her heart relenting as her hand,
That seems to melt even with the mildest touch,
Then knew I where to seat me in a land,
Under wide heavens, but yet [there is] not such.
So as she shows, she seems the budding rose,
Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower,
Sovereign of beauty, like the spray she grows,
Compass'd she is with thorns and canker'd stoure,
Yet were she willing to be pluck'd and worn,
She would be gather'd, though she grew on thorn.

Some of his more serious compositions will bear comparison with those of any didactic writer:—

Here look, my son, for no vain-glorious shows
Of royal apparition for the eye:
Humble and meek befitteth men of years.
Behold my cell, built in a silent shade,
Holding content for poverty and peace,
And in my lodge is fealty and faith,
Labour and love united in one league.
I want not, for my mind affordeth wealth;
I know not envy, for I climb not high:
Thus do I live, and thus I mean to die.

So will the following:—

Sitting by a river's side,
Where a silent stream did glide,
Muse I did of many things,
That the mind in quiet brings.
I 'gan think how some men deem
Gold their god; and some esteem
Honour is the chief content,
That to man in life is lent.
And some others do contend,
Quiet none, like to a friend.
Others hold, there is no wealth
Compared to a perfect health.
Some man's mind in quiet stands,
When he is lord of many lands:
But I did sigh, and said all this
Was but a shade of perfect bliss.

or this:—

Where innocence triumpheth in her prime,
And guilt cannot approach the honest mind;
Where chaste intent is free from any miss,
Though envy strive, yet searching time
With piercing insight will the truth outfind,
And make discovery who the guilty is;
For time still tries
The truth from lies,
And God makes open what the world doth bliud.

We feel it needless to apologize to our readers for this second notice; we have but led them into a bright and freshly-blooming garden, and pointed out a few of the flowers that abound there; nor can we conclude without tendering our hearty thanks to Mr. Dyce. Surely, if the discoverer of some long-buried treasure of antiquity is entitled to, and receives, the thanks of every intelligent mind, equal thanks are due to the laborious editor who brings forth the works of many a long-neglected poet, to the notice and the homage of the world. The herald of the court of Parnassus, though his brow be not bound with the laurel, yet stands "in the shadow of Apollo's tree,"—the priest who unveils the deity to the worshipper should partake the incense and the sacrifice.

† *I find*, &c.] One of those compliments to Queen Elizabeth, often occurring at the conclusion of dramas acted during her lifetime."

Medical Botany; or, Illustrations and Descriptions of the Medical Plants of the London, Edinburgh, and Dublin Pharmacopœias, &c. By John Stephenson, M.D., F.L.S., and James Morss Churchill, F.L.S. 8vo. London. Churchill.

THIS is the most useful work of the kind that this country has yet produced. The plants are very neatly drawn, and the medicinal accounts of the different species are copious and carefully compiled. We are far, however, from thinking that it has done all for Medical Botany that the present state of science requires; on the contrary, it has left "ample verge and room enough" for a successor, who may be disposed to treat the subject more systematically, and with more enlarged and general views. In the number before us, is an excellent representation of the cow-itch plant, and of the coffee-tree.

STANDARD NOVELS, No. III.

The Spy. By J. F. Cooper. London, 1831. Colburn & Bentley.

ANOTHER volume of this cheap and delightful work. It is introduced by a brief but interesting preface by Mr. Cooper, in which he explains the circumstances that formed in his mind the foundation of the novel. He has too, it appears, revised the style of the whole, which gives additional value to the present edition. The illustration by Clise is clever, and the vignette though a bold experiment, and perhaps a little extravagant, is a great deal better than common place.

The Little Girl's Own Book. By Mrs. Child. Boston, U. S. 1831.

IF our good and (save the mark!) not a few of our bad books go to America, we do not see why America should not return the compliment. The 'Little Girl's Own Book' is an importation, and will commend itself to many a little English girl, and many a little English girl's mamma, or we are greatly mistaken. It is of a reasonable size, reasonable price, is prettily illustrated, and contains "a little of everything" both for work and for play. There are rules for active games, directions for making such fancy works as are the delights of all little notables who are not quite sophisticated by the time they are ten years old—alum baskets, moss baskets, feather baskets, lace leaves, lace-work cuttings, all the generations of bags, and their cousins, the whole family of boxes. There is a selection of riddles; also a chapter on automata; there are, moreover, hints on elegance, and such like, no less than hints on plain-work and keeping animals: in addition to these, there are a few tales and poems; and some French and English games of memory. The whole is wound up with some sensible maxims for health and deportment, which parents will be none the worse for looking over; and at the beginning, is a preface which convinces us that Mrs. Child has children of her own. We shall quote a passage as illustrative of this American lady's good taste as well as sense.

"In this land of precarious fortunes, every girl should learn how to be useful; amid the universal dissemination of knowledge, every mind should seek to improve itself to the utmost; and in this land of equality, as much time should be devoted to elegant accomplishments, refined taste, and gracefulness of manner, as can possibly be spared from nobler and more important duties. In this country it is peculiarly necessary that daughters should be so educated as to enable them to fulfil the duties of a humble station, or to dignify and adorn the highest."

ORIGINAL PAPERS

EDUCATION IN SPAIN.—LETTER II.†

UNIVERSITIES.

Madrid.

DEAR SIR,—I now resume the subject of education, and shall confine myself as much as possible to facts. Before 1806 there were twenty-two universities in Spain; in that year their numbers were reduced to eleven; and at present there are sixteen. Three of these, Salamanca, Valladolid, and Alcala, are called *mayores*, or of the first class; the others—that is, Valencia, Cervera, Saragossa, Granada, Seville, Oviedo, Santiago, Huesca, Majorca, Orihuela, Osuna, and Oñate—*menores*, or of the second class. If, then, the Spaniards be not the most learned people in Europe, you will admit it is not for want of Universities, as there is one to every 700,000 inhabitants. But, after all, three or four well-endowed establishments would be infinitely better than these sixteen poor ones. At Salamanca, the Professors generally are well paid, but, with this exception, the stipend of many is miserable, almost beyond your belief: in some instances it does not exceed three or four pounds a year‡—in many, eight or ten; and forty or fifty is considered a rich endowment in most. The natural consequence is, that no one is ambitious of being a Professor in such places, and the office is usually filled by men who have some other local employment, and are willing to give lectures either for amusement, or fame and reputation. Even at Salamanca, the Professorships are considered but as stepping-stones to more profitable employment; and the result is, that no one strives zealously either to instruct, or to advance science.

The government in Spain interferes with everything, and the Universities, as you might presume, have always been under its immediate control: even the manner of instruction, the books which the students shall read, the course of lectures they shall follow—in short, every thing, even to the minutest particular, has been the subject of government regulation.

In 1771, directions to be observed by all Universities were officially published; these were altered by authority in 1791, 1801, 1806, 1814, 1821, and 1825. In those of 1821, given by the Cortes, many wise regulations were introduced, and almost all abuses remedied; the decree, indeed, was most temperate and sensible; and for that reason, I presume, when the Apostolicals triumphed, it was revoked. The spirit of the regulations that were substituted, may be judged by the following, which I extract from a report made by one of those employed in preparing them:—

"Experience has shown that the general custom of translating Cicero and the other Greek and Roman authors in grammar-schools, is contrary to good principles and good morals: young people become accustomed to the words *liberty*, *republic*, *country*, &c., which have been used with so much success against throne and altar, they turn romantic, and lose those good principles of loyalty, without which revolutions will follow each other, till the present happy state of things is overthrown; for that reason we propose, as the most proper books to be used in grammar-schools to teach Latin, the Vulgate, the Breviary, the Epitome Sacræ Historiæ, and books of that class."

"What modern writers call philosophy, is but sophistry; and it leads young men to doubt and question everything. Since Locke promulgated his novel doctrines about the understanding, a great number of babblers have followed, and philosophy is become the first step to scepticism. Unfortunately, a great number of Spaniards are infected with this philosophical disease, and it is now necessary to take some steps to prevent its extension. The old logic and metaphysics only must be taught, and means be taken to prevent young people from reading any of the modern works of philosophy."

"Half a century ago, physicians were grave, religious, and moral men; their knowledge was limited to medicine. It was then easy to become a physician, and few applied themselves to any study not immediately connected with their profession; but since 1791, and more especially since 1801, it is more difficult; and many young men of better fortune and education have applied themselves to this science. The change has been most injurious. Physicians are become literati, philosophers, unruly, disloyal; and there are at present very few of them who can be considered as good subjects. It is absolutely necessary to take effectual measures to remedy this crying evil, for the influence of these men is immense, and their example extremely pernicious."

These extracts will give an idea of the principles of the authors of the General Regulation for Education of 1824, and their work was most worthy of them. But, as might have been expected, this utter ignorance of, or indifference to, *the spirit of the age*, has produced consequences directly opposite to those intended;—but I shall revert to this subject hereafter.

These establishments were always heretofore under the immediate control of the Council of Castile;—this Council, entirely composed of old lawyers, and those rarely of any eminence, did for public instruction what they have ever done for all the thousand and one affairs entrusted to their direction; indeed, the history of this body would be the most extraordinary history of misrule that the whole world could furnish.

At present, public instruction is under the direction of a board specifically appointed for that purpose. The Spaniards, like all the other continental nations, can do nothing without a Board or directing Junto; and I believe the present would do very well, if any men could do, in a country where the government does not, and, what is worse, cannot follow any settled plan.

The instruction given at the Universities is, generally speaking, bad enough. The Professors pay little attention to the students, and the students are as indifferent about the Professors: attendance is merely matter of form; the students go for an hour or two, five days in the week, to repeat by heart from the work directed by government to be read, and occasionally to hear the Professor prose for a quarter of an hour on the same subject. Up to 1824, it was common enough to hear many Professors speaking against the books and doctrines recommended by government; but since then, all Professors, who were not known or professed friends to despotism, have been dismissed;§ and there is now not one who is not an attached friend to the government—attached either from love or fear. But in almost all Universities, the students are in constant opposition to the Professors: it would, indeed, be extremely dangerous to show their ill-will by any open action, but they annoy them by every means short of it. M. O.

† See former letter, Athenæum, No. 180, p. 234.

‡ This is true of almost all the Professorships of Mathematics and Philosophy, in all the Universities, except Salamanca.

§ At Salamanca three-fourths of the Professors were dismissed, and banished from the city without trial.

VOYAGE OF H.M.S. CHANTICLEER.

IN our two preceding numbers we gave an account of the unfortunate death of the late Captain Foster, commander of H.M.S. *Chanticleer*, which vessel has since returned to Woolwich. The objects contemplated in the voyage, and which, we believe, have been fulfilled, up to the death of Captain Foster, were, to obtain the exact difference of longitude between the various principal places visited by seamen on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean, in both hemispheres. Chronometers have been brought to such perfection, that the accomplishment of this object is rendered comparatively easy; and by carrying a chain of such chronometric measurements round the world, a task of no very difficult nature, the advantages which geography would derive from them would be invaluable.

But there were other objects united in this voyage; one of which was, a series of pendulum operations, to be made in corresponding latitudes of both hemispheres, for the purpose of ascertaining the true figure of the earth. To these were also added, the various detail of magnetic observations, and others relating to navigation and hydrography, which contributed to render the *Chanticleer's* voyage one of the most interesting of its kind, and to fix the attention of scientific men on the proceedings and reports of her commander with no ordinary degree of expectation.

With these objects, the *Chanticleer* sailed from Falmouth, in the month of May 1828, supplied with a proper number of chronometers, and a collection of the best instruments that could be had for the various observations which were to be carried on. Her commander had already signalized himself by his valuable services as astronomer in the northern expeditions, under Sir Edward Parry, for which he obtained the Copley medal of the Royal Society, and his officers were selected by himself, especially for the present voyage.

The island of Madeira was first visited by the *Chanticleer*, and afterwards Teneriffe, St. Antonio, one of the Cape Verds, Fernando Noronha, and Rio Janeiro, in succession. From Rio Janeiro the *Chanticleer* proceeded to the island of St. Catherine, and thence to Monte Video, all of which places form fresh points of departure for the navigator, and therefore their true longitude is most essential to be known. In point of novelty there was none thus far; the road is well beaten, although the distances are imperfectly known. The desolate Staten Island was some change from the monotonous track hitherto passed over, and was a fair promise of what was to be encountered in the sequel of the voyage. Since the memorable time of Captain Cook's visit to this forlorn spot, we much doubt if any others than whalers or sealing vessels have frequented its shores. A survey of it was made by Lieut. Kendall, of the *Chanticleer*, which fully displays its extraordinary formation. It is about thirty-five miles long, in nearly an east and west direction, and so deeply indented by narrow bays on both its northern and southern shores, that it is very nearly dissected into two or three islands. It is entirely rocky, and covered with a small brushwood. The plan made of it by Lieut. Kendall is the only authentic one extant.

From Staten Island the *Chanticleer* went to Cape Horn; and from the latter place her course was directed to the southward, for one of the islands of the New South Shetland group. The navigation of this sea, which is filled with ice islands, and constantly subject to the severest gales of wind, accompanied, as they usually are, by rain, fog, and snow-storms, was a severe trial, not only of the energies and skill of her commander and his officers, but also of the qualities of the little vessel. The proper time of the year had been chosen for visiting these dangerous regions, by which constant daylight was secured; for at no other period could a vessel have ventured into this dangerous sea. Accordingly, after a most tempestuous voyage from Cape Horn, the *Chanticleer* arrived, in the month of January 1829, at Deception Island, in latitude 63° south, where it was desirable that pendulum experiments should be made. This island has received its appellation from its deceitful nature. It is, in fact, occupied by one large basin, to which

the sea has access on its south-east side; it is about seven miles across, quite circular, and being high, appears, when distant, to be one mass of land. On examination it was found, that the land was only a narrow ridge, encompassing an extensive basin, about five miles across, having a depth in the middle of nearly sixty fathoms.

Deception Island is purely of volcanic origin, the basin having evidently once formed the crater of a volcano. The violence of the sea has made a breach on the south-east side of the ridge, by which it has found its way into it, and the looseness of the materials which compose the whole island, have easily yielded to its force. Ashes, lava, and ice, are the component parts of this abode of seals; penguins, and their various tribes, its only inhabitants. Several vestiges of ships, having resorted hither for the former of these, were discovered during the stay of the *Chanticleer*, and it is, no doubt, periodically visited by vessels employed on sealing expeditions. Hot springs were found in several places, of which the temperature of the water was 160° of Fahrenheit, and it is curious to see these issuing from the sides of the island, and running into the basin of salt water, whose temperature is scarcely above the freezing point.

From this dreary place the *Chanticleer* returned to Cape Horn, which, perhaps, has little advantage over it except in a poor stinted verdure and dwarf trees. The voyage, of course, was boisterous and dangerous—the sea full of icebergs, and the waves of a size which threatened destruction to the largest and stoutest of ships. Even in the present state of ship-building, which, compared with that of the days of Anson, amounts almost to perfection, the preparations for encountering the sea off Cape Horn are of no trifling description.

The Cape of Good Hope was the next place in the *Chanticleer's* route, whose geographical position alone was one of the most important points to be determined. Much time was accordingly employed here in the various observations connected with this object, and the pendulum experiments were again performed. The islands of St. Helena and Ascension were next visited, after which the *Chanticleer* returned to the island of Fernando Noronha, in July of last year. Pursuing the same chain of observations from Fernando Noronha, the *Chanticleer* went to Maranham Para, the island of Trinidad and La Guayra, and afterwards to Porto Bello, the grand point which was to connect the meridian distances with a point on the shore of the Pacific Ocean. Panama was the place determined on; but, finding that Porto Bello was not so conveniently situated for this purpose as Chagres, the *Chanticleer* was removed to the latter place—from which her commander was never to return. The observations, by means of rocket signals, had been successfully made, by which another most important point of the voyage was attained. The manner in which Captain Foster met with his death has already been detailed in a former number of the *Athenæum*.† The *Chanticleer* had been absent from England more than two years and a half; the most difficult, and by far the greatest part, of the object of the voyage had been completed, and Captain Foster had given ample proof that the faith reposed in him had been well founded, and that he had ability to execute still further what was prepared for him.

But few places remained for the *Chanticleer* to visit. The pendulum experiments were already completed, and the management of the chronometers now devolved on an officer of the vessel who had already partaken of this part of the duty. The return to England was only interrupted by stopping, for the purpose of including these few places in the stock of meridian distances already measured. The *Chanticleer* at length arrived at Falmouth, from which place, having obtained the necessary obervations for the chronometers, she proceeded to Woolwich.

That the whole result of this voyage will, in some degree, suffer from the loss of Captain Foster, there can be no doubt; although we hope and believe that the observations he has made will be found so well preserved and methodized, that the longitudes of the various places visited by him will be *finally* and *satisfactorily* deduced from them. But among such multifarious scientific pursuits as had engaged his attention, there must be many in which the operations would not only require finishing, but also his care and experience to do them satisfactorily. The voyage, as originally contemplated, remains yet to be completed; and, as we have before observed, a chain of meridian distances carried round the world, would not only be one of the most valuable services which could be rendered to navigation and geography, but worthy of the present enlightened and liberal age.

† Athenæum, No. 183. p. 281.

SONG.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

WHAT woke the buried sound that lay
In Memnon's harp of yore?
What spirit on its viewless way
Along the Nile's green shore?
—Oh! not the night, and not the storm,
And not the lightning's fire—
But sunlight's touch—the kind—the warm—
This woke the mystic lyre!
This, this, awoke the lyre!

What wins the heart's deep chords to pour
Their music forth on life,
Like a sweet voice, prevailing o'er
The sounds of torrent strife?
—Oh! not the conflict midst the throng,
Not e'en the triumph's hour;—
Love is the gifted and the strong
To wake that music's power!
His breath awakes that power!

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

May 12.—His Royal Highness, the President, in the chair.—A paper was read, entitled, 'On Nodal Lines of Sonorous Bodies.' By Michael Faraday, Esq. F.R.S., &c. Captain George Wm. Manby was elected, and John Edward Grey, Esq. was proposed.

Among the presents was the first part of M. Leopold von Buch's Plates of remarkable Petrifactions, presented by the author.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

May 12.—Hudson Gurney, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—The Secretary having reported the proceedings of the last meeting, and read the recommendatory testimonials of a candidate to be admitted a Fellow of the Society, called the attention of the members to an antique bronze female bust, which was placed on the table for their inspection. Mr. Ellis then read a communication, addressed by himself to the President, explanatory of and accompanying three original letters from as many different persons to Sir William Morice, written during the Protectorate and after the Restoration, elucidatory of some interesting points in the history of that time. The first was from a Mr. Quin, who had been returned knight of the shire for the county of Devon, to Cromwell's parliament in 1654, about an interview he had sought with the Protector, and in which he wished to have been accompanied by Mr. Morice, who was knight of the shire of Cornwall at the same time. The second was written after the restoration of Charles II., by a Dr. Du Moulin, about the exertions of the Jesuits to procure the death of Charles I., thereby hoping to bring about the re-establishment of Popery in this country. The Doctor, it appeared, had published a pamphlet, defending Protestantism from the charge of disaffection to monarchical government, but was forbidden by the king to write more, under the pretence that, as English was not his mother tongue, he might injure the cause he advocated by writing what might be misunderstood. The third letter was from James Duke of Courland, in Livonia, endeavouring to influence Sir Wm. Morice by an offer of a bribe of ten thousand florins to get a matter connected with the possession of one of the West India islands settled in his favour. Sir William was a member of the Privy Council, and appears to have been officially concerned in negotiations then going on between England and Holland, in which the interests of the duke were not likely to be attended to.

The thanks of the Society were voted to Mr. Ellis for the communication; and to the Lord Bishop of Llandaff, who furnished Mr. Ellis with the letters for the purpose.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

May. 6.—Mr. Lindley delivered a lecture on the *Pitcher-Plant*. In the marshy grounds of tropical climates there exists a class of vegetables which, from certain vase-shaped leaves attached to them, have obtained the name of *pitcher-plants*. Some of the varieties have the pitchers near the ground, and have no leaves, while others bear both leaves and flowers, with the curious appendage of clusters of these *pitchers* at intervals among them. They all contain more or less water, and in some the water in the *pitchers* is decidedly acid.

The probable use of so singular a vegetable formation, and of the water that it contains, has long excited the curiosity of botanists: by some the *pitchers* have been thought useful to supply the plant with moisture, but as the *pitcher-plant* is always met with in marshy grounds, this can scarcely be deemed a reasonable conjecture. Others have imagined that they are intended as traps for insects; but the *pitchers* are not furnished with any means of closing to detain the insects. A third supposition (which we understood to be Mr. Lindley's) is, that the water may be in some way useful to the plant on account of the oxygen that it contains; we mean the oxygen of the acid.

This may be very true, but it is only one opinion among several, and one which at present is not supported by any particular observation made with respect to the plant.

Towards the conclusion of the lecture Mr. Lindley adverted to the most recent theory of botanists respecting the similarity in the construction of the leaves and the flowers of plants; by which it is discovered that a plant is, in fact, made up entirely of leaves, and that the leaf, more or less developed, and subjected to certain changes, may be traced through the flowers, the stems, and even the thorns of vegetables—but this subject requires illustration to make it intelligible.

Mr. Faraday announced that on the 13th inst. Mr. Brockedon would deliver a lecture on the passage performed by Hannibal over the Alps.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

May 8. —— Greenough, Esq., Vice President, in the chair.—The conclusion of Capt. King's paper on South America was read. In the commencement of this paper, Capt. King observed, that, considering the vast extent of sea coast that comprises the southern part of this continent, it is not a little surprising that during the last century it should have been so frequently passed by without being examined or explored. To both English and American sailors, the in-

tricacies and windings of its various channels are well known, but with the exception of Mr. Weddel's voyage, geography has profited little by their knowledge of them. Capt. King then gives a concise account of the various authorities from which the charts of the coast have hitherto been constructed, and considers those of Sir John Narborough and Cordova to be the most correct. Of the southern coast of the archipelago of Tierra del Fuego, little was known except from the accounts of the Dutch Admiral Hermite, Captain Cook, and Mr. Weddel. The celebrated voyage of Sarmiento, which was performed at a time when the whole western coast was quite unknown, is mentioned in terms of admiration by Capt. King, for its correct description. The perseverance through all difficulties which was displayed by Sarmiento in this dangerous coast, in the old fashioned and clumsy ships of his time, with the mutinous crew he had to deal with, has certainly never been surpassed.

The Cordillera of the Andes, which extends from the northern to nearly the southern extremity of the continent of South America, decreases in elevation as it reaches the higher southern latitudes. In the neighbourhood of Quito, the mountains *Chimborazo* and *Pinchincha* rise to a height of nearly 22,000 feet. Near St. Jago, in Chili, the Andes are not higher than 14,000 feet. At Conception, further south, they are still lower, and at Chiloe they average about 6000 feet. Between Chiloe, and the strait of Magalhanes, the height is about 3000, with some mountains in one or two places between five and six thousand feet high.

The Guaianeco Islands, which, form the southern shore of the gulf of Penas, formed an interesting part for the investigation of Capt. King, having been the place where the *Wager*, one of Lord Anson's squadron, was formerly wrecked. The precise situation of the wreck, Capt. King observes, had hitherto been very vaguely known: a careful perusal, however, of Byron's narrative, and Aguero's account of the missionary voyages in 1779, will be sufficient to point out the place within a few miles. Capt. King considers it to have been on the north side, and near the western end of the easternmost of the Guaianeco Islands, and which he consequently named Wager Island. At Port Santa Barbara, seventeen miles to the south of this group, a very old worm-eaten beam of a vessel was found, which was supposed by him to have once belonged to that vessel. It was of English oak, and was thrown up above the high water mark upon the rocks at the entrance of the port. The missionaries established there have frequently found broken glass bottles, and other evident traces of the wreck of the *Wager*.

Among the principal discoveries made by Capt. King, are two spacious lakes, which extend to a considerable distance inland from the western shore of the continent. One named, the 'Otway Water,' is a large inland sea of salt water, about 50 miles in length; this communicates by a narrow channel with another, named the 'Skyring Water,' about 34 miles long and 20 wide. Another opening extended to the north-west from Skyring Water, which Capt. King had not time to explore. The tracks of horses were noticed in many places on the shores of these lakes, and the bones of Guanacoes were scattered about. The mountains near the middle of the strait of Magalhanes, are generally about 3000 feet high, although some attain the height of 4000 feet. The line of perpetual snow in the strait, was found to be about 3500 to 4000 feet above the sea. Capt. King observed that those mountains whose height does not exceed 3000 feet, are frequently during the summer free from snow, excepting in their recesses, where a large quantity is accumulated by drifting, and being protected from the effects of the sun.

Capt. King mentions a circumstance relative to the temperature of the climate, which is very remarkable. During the summer he has been employed at his observatory the greater part of the night, when the thermometer has been as low as the freezing point, both within and outside of it, and although not warmly clad, he felt no sort of inconvenience from the cold; and, in the winter time also, the thermometer has been at 24, without any inconvenience being felt. He attributes this to the peculiar stillness of the atmosphere on the coast, although at a short distance at sea in the offing the wind was high. There are other peculiarities in this climate, which also attracted the attention of Capt. King. One is the extraordinary warmth of the sea near its surface compared with the state of the atmosphere. In the month of June, a difference of 30 degrees was found between the temperature of each; the consequence of which is, that the sea is covered with a cloud of steam, and may in some measure account for the prevalence of fogs. Another extraordinary circumstance relating to the climate is, that parrots and humming birds, generally the inhabitants of warm regions, are numerous in the southern and western parts of the strait—they were even observed on the wing during a snow shower, and after a constant succession of rain, snow, and sleet; the latter have been seen sipping the sweets of the Fuschia and other flowers while the thermometer was at the freezing point.

The Patagonian Indians have a peculiar custom of visiting the graves of their dead annually, for the purpose of collecting the bones, to be conveyed to the family sepulchres. The coast between the latitudes of 41° and 51° is frequented by them for that purpose. Near Port Desire, Captain King stated, that he had seen the graves of these Indians on the summit of hills, but the bodies had been removed, probably by their relatives for the above-mentioned purpose. When placed in the sepulchre, they are adorned with beads, and as many ornaments as can be collected for the purpose; the ceremony being performed by certain women of the tribe, whose peculiar office it is to attend to these rites.

A letter was next read from Lieut. Glennie, dated at Guanaxuato, giving the account of a visit to the Pyramids of Teotihualcan from Mexico. Lieut. Glennie makes this place in lat. 19° 42′ N. and lon. 98° 51′ E., the variation of the needle 9° 49′ E., and its elevation 7492 feet above the sea. The pyramids are distant about a mile and a half from the village, the largest of which was found to be 727 feet square at its base, and height 221 feet, with two of its sides parallel to the meridian. A rampart of about 30 feet in height surrounds this pyramid at the distance of 350 feet from its base, on the north side of which are the remains of a flight of steps, with a road leading from them in a northerly direction, covered with a white cement. The remains of steps were also found on the pyramids, which were also covered with the same sort of white cement, as well as broad terraces extending across the sides. The number of pyramids surrounding the large one were estimated by Mr. Glennie at above 200, varying in their dimensions. They are all constructed with volcanic stones and plaster from the adjacent soil. They are coated with white cement, and the ground between their bases seems formerly to have been occupied as streets, being also covered with the same sort of cement. A smaller pyramid than that above described was covered with a kind of broken pottery, ornamented with various figures and devices, and in the neighbourhoods of these edifices abundance of small figures were found, such as heads, arms, legs, &c., moulded in clay and hardened by being burnt. They are collected by the Indians and sold to persons who visit the pyramids.

The *Mineral del Monte* was visited by Mr. Glennie, after proceeding through the town of *Zempoala*, which is in ruins. This place, according to the observations of Captain Vetch, is in lat. 20° 8′ N. and lon. 0° 28′ E. of Mexico. Its height above the sea is 9052 feet.

Mr. Glennie thus describes a visit to one of the mines called *El lomo del Toro*, near *Zimapan*. It belongs to the Conde de Regla, and is one of those which are worked by the Real del Monte Company for the purpose of procuring lead for smelting the silver ore obtained from a mine hard by. The situation of this mine is very extraordinary. It is on one of the perpendicular sides of a ravine about 400 yards deep, and so narrow that at 200 yards above the river, which flows in the bottom of it, stones could easily be thrown against the opposite side. A succession of stairs, built against the side of the ravine, enabled the mules to descend about 200 yards, when they became too steep, and the rest were descended on foot. The ores obtained from the mines are shot into the river, where they are washed, and carried up again on men's shoulders, to be taken away by mules.

On the conclusion of the above papers, an interesting discussion took place respecting the fact, stated by Captain King, of the hummingbirds being found so far south as the Strait of Magellan. That these little delicate creatures should be sporting about where the snow is on the ground, and the thermometer nearly at the freezing point, bespeaks something very extraordinary in the climate of that part. As a confirmation of what he had stated, Capain King, presented the Vice President, Mr. Greenought with one of these birds, which he had preserved and stuffed. The subject of the pyramids also was discussed, and the circumstance of hieroglyphic characters being on the face of some of them, was considered as analogous to those of Egypt, and that, if they could be translated, they would afford a description of various particulars relating to their structure.

The thanks of the Society were voted for the above communications.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

May 11.—Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., President, in the chair.

William Richardson, Esq., M.A., of Bedford Road, was elected a Fellow of this Society.

The reading of a paper was commenced, entitled, 'Notes on the Secondary Formation of Germany, as compared with those of England, by Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., P.G.S., F.R.S., &c.

Among the donations laid upon the table was the Transactions of the Royal Berlin Academy for the year 1827, presented by the Academy, and Bradshaw's Maps of the Canals, Navigable Rivers, &c., in the Northern and Midland Counties of England, presented by Frederick Page, Esq., F.G.S.

CAMBRIDGE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

A meeting of the Philosophical Society was held on Monday evening, Dr. F. Thackeray, the Treasurer, in the chair.—There were presented to the Society a specimen of the Squacco Heron, by Mr. Price of St. John's college, and a very fine Coralline, from Madeira, by Mr. Lowe of St. John's college.—A paper, by Mr. Pritchard, of St. John's college, was read 'On a method of simplifying the investigation of the figure of the earth considered as heterogeneous.' The remainder of a paper by Professor Whewell was also read, 'On the Mathematical exposition of the leading doctrines in Mr. Ricardo's Principles of Political Economy and Taxation.' It was shown that Mr. Ricardo's proposition, that a tax upon wages must necessarily fall upon profits, cannot be maintained on his own principles. When stated mathematically, the question leads to an indeterminate problem, in which the ris

of price and the fall of profits mutually depend on each other, and neither can be determined without some further assumption. Similar modes of investigation were then applied to the doctrine of exports and imports, and the different value of the money-metals in different countries, in consequence of their influx and efflux produced by manufacturing skill and other causes. Finally, formulæ were given, on which, according to such principles, the rate of exchange will depend. Mr. Whewell concluded by observing that he did not put forward such formulæ as applicable to practice, but as exhibiting the results of Mr. Ricardo's theories: and that if the principles were true and certain, mathematics would be the proper instrument for obtaining their consequences.

After the meeting, Mr. Willis exhibited a numerous and curious series of experiments upon the subject of sound. Among these were, first, the experiment (originally made by Hooke) of the production of a definite musical sound by the impulses of the teeth of a revolving wheel upon a card; by means of which contrivance the rapidity of vibration of a given sound may be determined. This proceeding has recently been proposed anew by M. Savart.—Mr. Willis produced also an invention of Professor Robison, in which a definite sound is emitted by a stop-cock through which a stream of air passes, interrupted at regular small intervals. An invention similar to this has been put in other forms by M. Cagniard de la Tour, one of which forms is the instrument which he has called the *Syren*. A machine of Mr. Willis's invention was exhibited (which he proposes to call a *Lyophone*) by means of which it appeared that the sound in such cases is produced not by the periodical interruption of the current of air, but by the close recurrence of small noises; it was likewise shown that by various dispositions of the holes through which the air passes, two or more sounds may be brought out at the same time. Mr. Willis repeated also some of M. Savart's experiments on *embouchures*, and showed, contrary to the opinion expressed by that gentleman, that when air passes through a narrow slit against an edge, the note is *not* affected by the angle or material of the edge, or by the angle of the air; but only by the distance of the edge and its want of centrality; the effect of such embouchures when used in organ-pipes, and the manner in which the note appears in these cases to be determined, partly by the embouchure and partly by the pipe, was shown by trial.—There were exhibited, likewise, some experiments manifesting the nature of the vibrations in the sounding-boards and bridges of violins, the office and effect of the sound-post, and the form which M. Savart, in virtue of his own views, is disposed to recommend for this instrument.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY,	Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
	Phrenological Society	Eight, P.M.
TUESDAY,	Horticultural Society	One, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight, P.M.
WEDNES.	Royal Society of Literature.	Three, P.M.
	Society of Arts	½ past 7, P.M.
THURSD.	Royal Society.....	½ past 8, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries.....	Eight, P.M.
FRIDAY,	Royal Institution	½ past 8, P.M.

LITERARY FUND SOCIETY.

THE anniversary of this benevolent institution was celebrated on Wednesday, at the Freemasons' Tavern, on which occasion the LORD CHANCELLOR presided.

This Society was instituted by the labours and perseverance of a private individual, (the late Mr. David Williams,) in the year 1790; but it was not till the year 1818 that it received the countenance of royalty, when his late Majesty distinguished it by the grant of a charter and a splendid annual donation. From that period it has continued to flourish, and now ranks among its friends the most distinguished men of the age.

The receipts for the last year amounted to 1445*l.*, of which 1212*l.* has been devoted to objects of the charity: the balance being invested as a part of the permanent fund, which now produces one half the annual receipts. The distribution and management of the funds are confided to a general committee—a majority of whom has the power of granting relief to all persons needing it, who can produce testimonials of their having written and published some work of a respectable character; and to the widows and orphans of deserving authors. The utmost delicacy is observed in dispensing aid to applicants, as well as in seeking out those persons worthy of protection, whose high sense of independence may deter them from making known their wants. We cannot help remarking, that during the last year, (as it is stated in an able and forcible address appended to the Annual Report, which we learn is from the pen of the Rev. W. Fallofeild, one of the registrars,) "the Committee have had presented to their notice two claims of more than ordinary importance: those were from the widows of two gentlemen who were amongst the earliest promoters of the Literary Fund."—"Lamenting the necessity for such applications, the Committee rejoiced in the opportunity of repaying a portion of the debt of gratitude, and of adding, in even a slight degree, to the future comfort of 'the fatherless and widow.'"

We cannot refrain from quoting (a part of the Address) the following eloquent appeal to our fair countrywomen:—

"The time when the Dramatic Writer who had beguiled thousands of their tears, was suffered to die for want—when the great Satirist, favoured by the Monarch and caressed by Courtiers, was left to perish in a prison—is now happily gone by; but the diffusion of general knowledge, and the increase of education, have rapidly added to the ranks of authors, and, it is to be feared, have enlarged the number of claimants upon the Literary Fund. In addition to those, there are frequent applications from the gentler sex. Many who have trained the mind of youth, many who have encouraged the motives and strengthened the pious resolutions of maturer age, have been relieved, and, in the view of such cases, the Committee have been most liberal in the construction of their claims. They hope, therefore, that, if this Address should meet the eyes of some of their fair countrywomen—of those whose benefactions are so splendid, and whose exertions are so disinterested—of those who, as they are superior to the females of all other Nations in personal gifts and mental acquirements, possess the still more lasting graces of Christian benevolence—'the tear for Pity, and the hand open as day to melting Charity,'—they will be induced to lend their powerful aid in support of an Institution by which so many of their own sex, whether as widows or as authors, have been comforted 'in the evil day.'"

Among the donations of last year, is an example worthy to be followed by the noble and wealthy authors of the present day. Mr. James, the author of 'Darnley' and other popular works, has contributed the sum of 75*l.*, the produce of the sale of a MSS. work. In noticing this generous devotion of literary labours, we cannot refrain from censuring the coupling of the names of the purchasers of the work with that of the donor, as was done in reading the Report—unless it had been the intention of the parties to devote the *profits of the sale* to the same laudable purpose.

Our space will not allow us to give the manly and eloquent speech of the noble and learned Chairman, but as that has been already ably done by the *Times*, there is the less occasion. We may mention, however, that his Lordship denied the truth of Dr. Johnson's assertion, that "the booksellers were the patrons of literature"—on the contrary, he maintained that THE PUBLIC was the true patron—the booksellers being the ministers of that great sovereign. To that Patron WE address ourselves, and have always done: we are proud of his Lordship's testimony to our view of the matter.

FINE ARTS

ROYAL ACADEMY.

OUR very hasty visit last week, led us to speak highly of this Exhibition, and subsequent examination has confirmed our first impression. We are satisfied that no country in the world could produce such a collection of works, equal in number and excellence, the result of one year's labour of native artists: there are many admirable in every department. What, then, becomes of the last twenty years' talk about want of patronage? It fortunately passed by unheeded; and we are, as a nation, pre-eminent in art. The truth is, there is too much patronage—the Academy itself is all the worse for patronage: it is the only apology for one-half the academicians having found admission there. The Academy is a corporate and a chartered body—it grubs on in the dark—it toad-eats the aristocracy. Who are the men invited to their annual festival? men eminent in literature—men of informed minds, the associates of the academicians in private life, the glory and boast of England?—No; but my Lord A and B; and other nonentities. This is the interchange between corporate art and patronage. There must be more life got into the Academy; as we said once before, we must rattle its old bones about. The *public* must, somehow or other, be *allowed* to take an interest in its proceedings. Had it not been for the annual Exhibition and the public press, we should have sunk below the Knellers and the Hudsons of our forefathers. If art is ever again to equal its old renown, Englishmen, not artists merely, must become co-equal in knowledge of art with the old merchants and traders in the free states of Italy: they must reverence art because they feel its high excellence; and this must be shown, not in the wealthy few, voting away miserable money wrung from the starving many, but in the voluntary subscription of many, consequent on their knowledge and their love of art.

We noticed, not long since, that a single present from Mr. Pickersgill had awakened a right feeling in the members of the Royal Institution, and this solitary picture become the germ of a collection—a present by one artist has already given commissions to two. In this Exhibition, too, we have been delighted to see a fine historical picture, painted by Briggs for the Mechanics' Institute at Hull! These Mechanics' Institutes were consequent on the spread of knowledge; and, improbable as it may at first appear, it is by no means so in our judgment, that these institutes will ultimately tend to the spread of art—to raise and dignify art—and to do more for it than all the patronage of all the crowned heads and the aristocracies of Europe; with whom, not stopping to qualify what we say by the exceptions, art is but a bauble and a plaything. But we must not venture on so large a field of inquiry; and shall conclude by congratulating these mechanics on the fine picture which is to adorn the walls of their Institution. Mr. Briggs has been bold and successful; his picture is well conceived and well drawn, and does the artist and English art great credit. To proceed, however, according to the Catalogue—

No. 11. *Dutch Coast.* A. W. CALLCOTT, Esq., R.A. This is a very charming picture—finished

with a careful eye to nature. The aerial effect of the distance is perfect.

No. 18. *Hunt the Slipper.* E. A. CHALON, Esq., R.A. From the title, we expected to see a portrait of the Member for Preston; instead of which, we came upon a highly-coloured group of *Grown-ups*, formally engaged in an apparently noiseless pastime. There is a sameness in the attitudes, and an extravagance in the colouring, which teaze the eye. How different is Mr. Chalon in his inimitable water-colour drawings of high-born women. There, without labour, his very dresses have an air of nobility. See No. 471. Portrait of a Lady—Nos. 475. & 478. Portraits of the Right. Hon. the Ladies Georgiana and Louisa Russell, and the Right Hon. Lady Wriothesley Russell. These are the perfections of this branch of art.

No. 25. *The Venturesome Robin.* W. COLLINS, R.A., will win back old admirers. It is a very natural picture: one-half its merit is the intense anxiety of all the children towards the one object:—the little girl seems hardly to breathe; and the urchin, holding the salt-box, already to clutch the bird; it is, we think, a better than

No. 138. *The Morning Bath*, by the same artist, although the latter is full of nature.

No. 28. *Sir Piersie Shafton and Mysie Hupper.* N. LIVERSEGE. Mysie is very graceful and beautiful, not unlike some of the sweetest girls in the Dutch pictures. Sir Piersie is but indifferent—a mere lay figure to try on costume.

No. 38. *A First-Rate going down the Channel, —the Land's End, and Longships Light-House in the distance.* W. DANIELL, R.A.

She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife;
Who would not dare the battle fire—the wreck—
To move the monarch of her peopled deck.—CORSAIR.

"She walks the waters like a thing of life," says Lord Byron:—but Mr. Daniell says, she walks the waters like a river infirmary, with a set of square brown blankets, hung with washer-woman-precision. Nothing can by possibility be bigger, or flatter, or duller, than this identical "thing of life."

No. 55. *The Progress of Civilization.* N. P. BRIGGS, R.A. Our friends must not pass this picture, though we are at liberty to do so, having commended it in the introductory notice.

No. 62. *Portrait of Lady Lyndhurst.* D. WILKIE, R.A. It is the fashion to decry this picture, and her ladyship has some reason to complain of Mr. Wilkie's idea of the style in which her acknowledged beauties ought to be set forth. The expression of the face is made to match with the artful management of the dark hood and dress; and the worst effects, if not sought for, have been the result. You see much meaning and no intellectual sentiment thrown into the eyes, and the hands both in colour and shape would match the broad, bronzed beauties that carry baskets in Covent Garden. Mr. Wilkie has certainly forgotten that art should raise and dignify, and not degrade and vulgarize the object. All this may very justly be urged by Lady Lyndhurst—but as critics, we cannot deny that what it wants in grace and delicacy, is made up in power; the colouring, though thick and heavy, is warm, vigorous, and rich; and that if it be not a fine *picture*, there has been a great deal of babbling about the old masters. But Mr. Wilkie's finest work and in our opinion one of the finest portraits in the Exhibition, is

No. 91. *Lord Melville.* Admirable for power and colour, the composition of the drapery, the subordination of everything to the principal figure, and the subordination of all parts of the figure to the head, which is full of life and expression, and only inferior to the old masters themselves.

No. 78. *An Italian Family.* C. L. EASTLAKE, R.A. This is not to emulate, but to imitate the old masters. We had once great hopes of Eastlake, but after this picture, there is an end of them. An artist may visit Rome with advantage, but we hardly know an instance of one residing there who was not ruined by it—they pore over the old frescoes till nature herself seems tame and poor.

No. 83. *Prague, in Bohemia.* G. JONES, R.A. A splendid picture; it seems lit up from its own blue sky. This artist has never yet received his full reward of fame.

No. 146. *Poachers deer-stealing.* E. LANDSEER, R.A. Landseer has other pictures in the Exhibition, and of equal merit—but

No. 147. *Little Red-riding Hood*, is different from his usual style, and very graceful and pretty.

No. 151. *Portrait of a Lady and Child*, N. P. BRIGGS, R.A., is a sound, artist-like picture.

No. 157. *Portrait of J. P. Ord*, MRS. CARPENTER, does the lady-artist, and would do any artist, great credit; there is a tone about it that reminded us of Vandyke.

No. 169. *Salisbury Cathedral.* J. CONSTABLE, R.A. This *will be* a good picture in the days to come. At present it is too immediately after the rain, and everything is so vivid and bright, that it seems to touch the eye. The clouds are too *theatrically* stormy and rain-full.

No. 171. *Portrait of E. L. Bulwer*, and No. 172, *Portrait of Sir George Murray.* N. W. PICKERSGILL, R.A. These are both excellent —the latter is one of the finest works of this successful artist. We need not dwell on its merits, for all are agreed about them.

No. 178. *Vision of Medea.* J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

Or Medea, who in the full tide of witchery
Had lured the dragon, gained her Jason's love,
Had filled the spell-bound bowl with Æson's life,
Yet dashed it to the ground, and raised the poisonous snake
High in the jaundiced sky to writhe its murderous coil,
Infuriate in the wreck of hope, withdrew
And in the fired palace her twin offspring threw.
MS. Fallacies of Hope.

The painting is of a piece with the poetry. Here we have, indeed, the Sister Arts—and precious sisters they are! Mr. Turner, doubtless, smeared the lines off with his brush, after a strong fit of yellow insanity, on canvas. The snakes, and the flowers, and the spirits, and the sun, and the sky, and the trees, are all in an agony of ochre; and we must say, that if the artist desired to achieve a gambouge phrenzy worthy of the Bedlam lines, he has produced something which is not one of the "fallacies of hope." "Jaundiced sky!"—"a good phrase—a good phrase."

No. 162. *Caligula's Palace and Bridge.* J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

What now remains of all the mighty bridge
Which made the Lucrine lake an inner pool,
Caligula, but massy fragments, left
As monuments of doubt and ruined hopes,
Yet gleaming in the morning's ray, that tell
How Baia's shore was loved in times gone by?
MS. Fallacies of Hope.

In this picture "the fit hath gone off." "Anon as patient as the female dove, when that her golden couplets are disclosed." Here we have the poetry of nature lavished upon us with a bounteous hand.

Next week we shall look into the Ante-Room and the School of Painting.

MUSIC

ITALIAN OPERA—KING'S THEATRE.

Madame Pasta's return has given fresh life to the Opera, and, notwithstanding the elections, their paramount interest, and the necessary absence of so many leading families from town, the theatre was crowded to excess on Thursday to welcome her appearance in *Medea*. The opera was excellently well cast, and she was most ably supported by Rubini. She looks better than when she left England three years ago, and sings and plays as well as ever. She is certainly not so stout, and her fine classical head seemed even more full of intelligence. She was most rapturously welcomed. The duets between her and Rubini seemed to be more felt by the audience than any music we have heard for a long time. Pasta, Rubini, Lablache, and Taglioni, must, we think, satisfy the "friends and patrons," although that is no easy thing to do.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Sixth Concert—Monday, May 9.

WELL done, Messieurs les Directeurs! you are really continuing to use us very well, and deserve our best thanks. The Concert of Monday began with the Symphony of Mozart in E flat, played in this Orchestra's best style. The minuet and trio were encored; the compliment thus conveyed being more particularly intended for Mr. Willman, whose performance on the clarionet could not be surpassed, and has, perhaps, never been equalled. The aria, '*Madamina*,' from 'Il Don Giovanni,' was admirably given by Signor Lablache. The considerate moderation in which this gentleman uses the vast power of voice with which he is gifted, is most praiseworthy: he seems to think, that

"It is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant."

A very beautiful Quintetto of Mozart's followed, and had ample justice done it by Messrs. Spagnoletti, A. Griesbach, Moralt, Daniels, and Lindley. A Miss Riviere sang Cimarosa's scena, '*Deh parlate*.' This young lady has a fine voice, although it is very deficient in the lower tones. She acquitted herself respectably, but not more. It must, however, be an awful business for a novice to sing at these Concerts; and as we know not what effect alarm may have produced, we shall defer a more particular notice of her until a future occasion. The first act concluded with Spohr's Overture to 'Jessonda.' We think this the composer's best overture: it was played with precision, and seemed to give general satisfaction.

Beethoven's Sinfonia in C minor was a noble beginning for the second act. Signor Rubini then made his *début* at these Concerts in Mozart's lovely air, '*Il mio tesoro*.' His voice is beautiful, his ear correct, his intonation good, his execution, with the exception of the shake,—which, however cultivated, never seems to come to perfection in any but an English singer,—perfect; and his style excellent, though somewhat too florid. Signor Rubini, in seeking to produce strong effects, is too sudden in his transitions from forte to piano. We wish he would drop this practice, because there is nothing else in his singing to object to, and every thing to admire. A Fantasia on the flute was very cleverly played by Mr. Böhm; but we are somewhat unfortunate in being so familiar with the talents of Mons. Drouet and Mr. Nicholson, for they have in a manner spoiled us for everybody else. These gentlemen have brought the machinery of the flute to a perfection to which it never before attained, and they must remain, the one for his clock-work, and the other for his steam-engine, at the head of the two styles. The last vocal piece was a terzetto of Rossini, '*Quel sembiante*,' by Miss Riviere, Signor Rubini, and Signor Lablache. The Overture to 'Der Freischütz' wound up the Concert, and wound it up so well, that we wondered it did not go again. Had it been at the end of the first act, as it ought, it would have been encored, as it ought; but perhaps the Directors knew this, and spared their arms.

THEATRICALS

DRURY LANE.

A new opera was produced at this house last night, called 'The Emissary; or, the Revolt of Moscow.' The music is chiefly taken from 'Le Colporteur,' by Mr. Onslow, a countryman of our own, justly celebrated on the Continent, as an amateur of high talent. The remainder, with the exception of a chorus by Boieldieu, a chorus by Mr. Grattan Cooke, and a duet by Mr. C. Horn, is composed and selected, and the whole arranged and adapted to the English stage, by Mr. Barham Livius. We have but a moment and a corner to state that it was highly successful. The applause was frequent and uninterrupted during the first and second acts and part of the third. Some little opposition was manifested towards the conclusion by an impatient few, who could not make allowance for an unfortunate hitch among the supernumeraries behind the scenes. This, however, was at once overruled, and a sanction given to its repetition; which will allow of our furnishing a better account next week. A little judicious curtailment in the third act, will remove all pretence for objection, and leave it a very pleasant vehicle for some very excellent music.

FRENCH PLAYS—HAYMARKET.

On Wednesday we saw Madlle. Leontine Fay for the first time. We had heard great accounts of her, and, from her liveliness and apparent intelligence, we doubt not, on some future occasions, to find those accounts fully borne out; but the character she played did not afford us a fair opportunity of judging. The first, *Valerie*, in the piece so called, was evidently out of her reach. This might be, because it was out of her line—or it might only seem so, because Madlle. Mars has so exalted the part by her representation of it, as to put it out of everybody's reach. The truth is, that the piece is a stupid one, and contains about an equal mixture of the improbable and impossible. We remember thinking this when Madlle. Mars played *Valerie;* what chance then can there be for anybody else? There was a depth and intensity about that lady's performance which drew one's thoughts from the folly of the author and fixed them exclusively on the splendid talent of the actress; and the author, for his own credit's sake, should have stipulated that no one else should ever play the part. As long as our memory lasts, we shall remember Madlle. Mars's speech after the recovery of her sight, concluding with the words '*j'existe.*" It was the most brilliant, and, at the same time, the most comprehensive burst we ever heard on the stage. Madlle. Leontine Fay played the part prettily, and even cleverly; but her love was the alternate wheedle and pout of a school-girl, and her joy on the restoration of her eye-sight little more than that which such a being would feel and express on being unexpectedly presented with a rocking-horse. In 'Le Quaker et la Danseuse,' Madlle. Fay was much more at home. Her face, figure, and voice, are all calculated to give effect to broadly comic parts; and we should advise her to adhere to such only, or, at any rate, to think seriously before she acts seriously. This piece is also a very poor one, and the part of *La Danseuse* afforded Madlle. Fay but little opportunity for display. She was, however, arch and agreeable, and we look forward with pleasure to seeing her again. M. Laporte, generally excellent, always clever, played much better than the author deserved. His burst of passion where the assumed primness of the Quaker vanishes before the natural indignation of the man, upon being called "poltron," and he grasps his adversary, exclaiming, that he would give all he is worth in the world not to be a Quaker for ten minutes, was one of the finest points ever made upon that or any other stage. It positively electrified the audience; and the applause which followed showed that, for once at least, they were awake to his real value. May they remain so.

THEATRICAL CHAT.

"Have you seen the Covent Garden bill for next Monday?" is what we are asked now by every theatrical person we meet. "Oh dear yes," say we, with a deep drawn sigh, as we think of the work chalked out for us. Why, mercy on us! it would occupy a reasonably long evening, if they were to give us "the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill;" but when we reflect that each of those numerous divisions has to be amplified into an act, the case becomes seriously alarming. However, we mean to go to bed as early as we can on Sunday night, and direct ourselves to be called on Monday at half past four, and then perhaps we shall be able to get through it. We have no doubt that, as a spectacle, the thing will be extremely splendid, for we know how admirably these things are done at Covent Garden when they set about them in earnest: what it will be as a drama, remains to be proved. We sincerely wish it may succeed and prove attractive, but, for fear the managers should forget it, we caution them in time to settle what is to be said about it in the bills of Tuesday: there will never be time enough to find all the superlatives they will want, if they only allow themselves a few hours for concoction. Their fancy baker should have ready his butter of blarney and flour of flummery, for he will assuredly have to make a puff as big as a pie.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A PIRATE.

The *New York Evening Post* (most kindly transmitted to us by one to whom we should be proud indeed, if propriety permitted, to acknowledge publicly this and other obligations) contains, as stated by our friend, one of the most extraordinary confessions ever read—the confessions of a man whose crimes make all the horrors of fiction comparatively tame and trifling. The necessity for putting beyond question the truth of a tale so truly appalling, has necessarily overcharged the original paper with minute details and repetitions, for which, its general truth having been established, the necessity no longer exists, and we shall therefore abridge the whole into narrative.

The miserable wretch, from whose own lips the following particulars were collected, was convicted of murder on the high seas, and was to have been executed on the 22nd ultimo. He is a native of the State of Rhode Island, and is known in America by the name of Charles Gibbs, but from the wording of the paragraph we suspect it is not his real name. From his confession, carefully compared with known facts, there is every reason to believe that he was concerned in the robbery of more than *forty vessels*, and in the destruction of more than *twenty, with their entire crews.* Many of those destroyed had passengers on board, which makes it probable that he has been an agent in the murder of nearly FOUR HUNDRED HUMAN BEINGS!!

The account he gives of himself is, that he served first in the navy of the United States, and was on board the *Chesapeake* when captured. After his exchange he abandoned all idea of following the sea for a subsistence, and returned to Rhode Island; but after a few months he entered again. The death of an uncle now put him in possession of about two thousand dollars, with which he established himself in the grocery business at Boston, but, not succeeding, he again went to sea. Eventually he served on board the Columbian privateer *Maria*, Capt. Bell, and here begins the history of his piracies.

The crew becoming dissatisfied in consequence of the non-payment of their prize-money, a mutiny arose; the crew took possession of the schooner, and landed the officers near Pensacola. They cruised for a short time without any success, and it was then *unanimously determined to hoist the black flag, and declare war against all nations.* Their bloody purpose was not carried, however, into immediate execution.—They boarded a number of vessels, and allowed them to pass unmolested, there being no specie on board, and their cargoes not being convertible into anything valuable to themselves. At last one of the crew, named Antonio, suggested that an arrangement could be made with a man in Havana, that would be mutually beneficial; that he would receive all their goods, sell them, and divide the proceeds. This suggestion being favourably received, they ran up within two miles of the Moro Castle, and sent Antonio on shore to see the merchant and make a contract with him. Previous to this, Gibbs was chosen to navigate the vessel. Antonio succeeded in arranging everything according to their wishes, and Cape Antonio was appointed as the place of rendezvous. The merchant was to furnish droghers to transport the goods to Havana, which was done by him for more than three years.

The Maria now put to sea, with a crew of about fifty men, principally Spaniards and Americans, with every hope of infamous success. The first vessel she fell in with was the Indispensable, an English ship, bound to Havana, which was taken and carried to Cape Antonio. *The crew were immediately destroyed;* those who resisted were hewn to pieces, those who offered no resistance were reserved to be shot and thrown overboard.—A French brig, with a valuable cargo of wine and silk, was taken shortly after. The vessel was burnt and *the crew murdered.*

Gibbs was now unanimously chosen to be their leader in all their future enterprises. To reap a golden harvest without the hazard of encountering living witnesses of their crimes, it was unanimously resolved to *spare no lives*, and *to burn and plunder without mercy.*

He now directed his course towards the Bahama Banks, where they captured a brig, believed to be the William from New York for some port in Mexico, with a cargo of furniture; *destroyed the crew*, took her to Cape Antonio, and sent the furniture and other articles to their friend at Havana. Sometime during this cruise, the pirate was chased for nearly a whole day by a U. S. ship, supposed to be the John Adams; they hoisted patriot colours, and finally escaped. In the early part of the summer of 1817, they took the Earl of Morla, an English ship from London, with a cargo of dry goods. *The crew were destroyed*, the vessel burnt, and the goods carried to the Cape. There they had a settlement with their Havana friend, and the proceeds were divided according to agreement.

Gibbs then repaired to Havana, introduced himself to the merchant, and made further arrangements for the successful prosecution of his piracies. While there, he became acquainted with many of the English and American naval officers, inquired respecting the success of their various expeditions for the suppression of piracy, and made himself acquainted with the speed of their vessels, and all their intended movements.

On his arrival at Cape Antonio, he found that his comrades were in a state of complete mutiny and rebellion, and that several of them had been killed. His energy checked the disturbance, and all agreed to submit to his orders, and put any one to death who should dare to disobey them.

During the cruise, which was made in the latter part of 1817 and the beginning of 1818, a Dutch ship from Curaçoa was captured, with a cargo of West India goods, and a quantity of silver plate. The passengers and crew, to the number of thirty, *were all destroyed*, with the

exception of a young female about seventeen, who fell upon her knees and implored Gibbs to save her life. The appeal was successful, and he promised to save her, though he knew it would lead to dangerous consequences among his crew. She was carried to Cape Antonio, and kept there about two months; but the dissatisfaction increased until it broke out at last into open mutiny, and one of the pirates was shot by Gibbs for daring to lay hold of her with a view of beating out her brains. Gibbs was compelled, in the end, to submit her fate to a council of war, at which it was decided that the preservation of their own lives made her sacrifice indispensable. He therefore acquiesced in the decision, and gave orders to have her destroyed by poison, which was immediately done."

This, he says, hurt his feelings more than any act of his life, and is the only one he can say he felt sorry for! Her father, mother, and all her relations perished on board the vessel.

The piratical schooner was shortly afterwards driven ashore near the Cape, and so much damaged that it was found necessary to destroy her. A new sharp-built schooner was in consequence provided by their faithful friend in Havana, called the Picciana, and despatched to their rendezvous. In this vessel they cruized successfully for more than four years. Among the vessels taken and *destroyed, with their crews*, he remembered the brig Jane, of Liverpool; brig (name forgotten) of New York, from the Spanish Maine; brig Belvidere, of Boston, taken in the Gulf; two French brigs in the Gulf of Mexico; ship Providence, of Providence—took from her 10,000 dollars. She was suffered to pass, *as Examinant could not consent to destroy his own townsmen.* [A gleam of humanity like that of Lady Macbeth.] Ship William, of Salem; bark Dido, of Bremen; bark Larkin, of London; Genoese brig, name unknown; took from her a large quantity of plate, some gilt-edge paper, and from twenty to thirty piano-fortes. A French ship, cargo wine; ship Earl of Morla, of London; and the ship Indispensable, of London.

There were many other vessels taken and destroyed, and among them, Americans. Every thing valuable was taken from them, and vessels and crews destroyed. The goods were sent to a Spanish house in the Havana, who sold them. We had, he said, a contract with the house, and received half the proceeds.

"While I was in the schooner Margarita, we took the American ship Caroline, and run her on shore at Cape Antonio (Cuba). The United States armed vessel, the Enterprize, came along shortly after, and before we had a chance of taking anything out of her, the crew, or some of the crew, of the Enterprize landed; we had a fight with them, some of our men were killed, and I believe some of theirs. We were beaten and driven to the mountains, where we remained some days. We then separated; some got to Trinidada, south side Cuba; others got to the Havana. The crew of the Enterprize destroyed our fort, took the goods from the Caroline and our two vessels, the Margaretta and Picciana."

When asked why they were so cruel as to kill so many persons when they had secured all their money, his answer is worthy of observation:—

"The laws are the cause of so many murders. Because a man has to suffer death for piracy; and the punishment for murder is no more. Then, you know, all witnesses are out of the way, and I am sure, if the punishment was different, there would not be so many murders."

On one occasion Gibbs states that he cruised for more than three weeks off the Capes of the Delaware, in the hope of falling in with the Rebecca Sims, a Philadelphia ship, bound for Canton. They knew that she would have a large quantity of specie on board, but they were disappointed in their booty. The ship passed them in the night.

Some time in the course of the year 1819, he states that he left Havana and came to the United States, bringing with him about 30,000 dollars. He passed several weeks in New York, and then went to Boston, whence he took passage for Liverpool, in the ship Emerald. Before he sailed, however, he had squandered a large part of his money by dissipation and gambling. He remained in Liverpool a few months, and then returned to Boston in the ship Topaz, Captain Lewis. His residence in Liverpool, at that time, is satisfactorily ascertained from another source besides his own confession. A female, now in New York, was well acquainted with him there, where, she says, he lived like a gentleman, with, apparently, abundant means of support. In speaking of his acquaintance with this female, he says, "I fell in with a woman who I thought was all virtue; but she deceived me; and I am sorry to say that a heart that never felt abashed at scenes of carnage and blood, was made a child of for a time by her, and I gave way to dissipation to drown the torment."

He subsequently returned to Boston, sailed for Havana, and again commenced his piratical career. In 1826, he revisited the United States, and hearing of the war between Brazil and the Republic of Buenos Ayres, sailed from Boston in the brig Hitty, of Portsmouth, with a determination, as he states, of trying his fortune in defence of a republican government. Upon his arrival, he made himself known to Admiral Brown, and communicated his desire to join their navy. The Admiral accompanied him to the Governor, and a lieutenant's commission being given him, he joined a ship of 34 guns, called the Twenty-fifth of May. There he remained, in the capacity of fifth lieutenant, for about four months. Having succeeded in gaining the confidence of Admiral Brown, he put him in command of a privateer schooner, and he sailed from Buenos Ayres, made two good cruizes, and returned safely to port. He then bought one-half of a new Baltimore schooner, and sailed again, but was captured seven days out, and carried into Rio Janeiro. He remained there until peace took place, then returned to Buenos Ayres, and thence to New York.

After the lapse of about a year, which he passed in travelling from place to place, Gibbs states that the war between France and Algiers attracted his attention. Knowing that the French commerce presented a fine opportunity for plunder, he determined to embark for Algiers and offer his services to the Dey. He accordingly took passage from this port in the Sally Ann, belonging to Bath, landed at Barcelona, crossed to Port Mahon, and endeavoured to make his way to Algiers. The vigilance of the French fleet prevented the accomplishment of his purpose, and he proceeded to Tunis. He afterwards took passage to Marseilles, and thence to Boston. From Boston he sailed to New Orleans, and there entered as one of the crew of the brig Vineyard. To a question why he, who had been accustomed to command, should enter as a common sailor on board the Vineyard, he answered that he sought employment to assuage the horrors of reflection.

Gibbs was married in Buenos Ayres, where he now has a child living. His wife is dead. By a singular concurrence of circumstances, the woman with whom he became acquainted in Liverpool, and who is said at that time to have borne a decent character, is now lodged in the same prison with himself. He has written her two letters since his confinement.

He refuses to tell the name of any persons concerned with him in his piracies, but admits there are many now living in the United States.

Though he gives no evidence (says the American writer) of a contrite heart, yet he evidently dwells with great unwillingness upon the crimes of which he acknowledges himself guilty. Since his trial his frame is somewhat enfeebled, his face paler, and his eyes more sunken; but the air of his bold, enterprising, and desperate mind still remains; he is affable and communicative, and when he smiles, exhibits so mild and gentle a countenance, that no one could take him to be a villain.

MISCELLANEA

Artists' Benevolent Fund.—The anniversary of this excellent Institution took place on Saturday last, Lord Wharncliffe in the chair, supported by the Duke of Somerset, and other noblemen and gentlemen, including Sir M. A. Shee, and many academicians. Considering the all-engrossing interest of the elections, and the necessary absence from town of so many friends and patrons, we have been well pleased to hear the amount of the after-dinner subscription.

Memoirs of Paganini.—Now that this celebrated musician is on the eve of visiting us, several of our cotemporaries are getting up *Memoirs* of him; but as we were the first to present to the English public (so long ago as February 1830,) a copious narrative from the pen of M. de Laphaleque, we shall only refer our readers to the several numbers of the *Athenæum*, of last year,† where they will find, in addition to the biographical memoir, the account of the origin of his playing on one string, from the pen of M. Schottley,‡ which has been lately published in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, and was copied this week in *The Times*.

Canal of Castile in Spain.—Some weeks ago we copied from the French newspapers a brief notice respecting this canal, but as it was full of blunders, we think it well to extract some authentic particulars from *La Estafeta de San Sebastian*:—The canal of Castile, which was begun in 1753, was intended, according to the original plan, to reach from near Reinosa, about twelve leagues from Santander, to Segovia, about fifteen leagues from Madrid—to pass near Palencia and Valladolid—and its whole extent would have been about sixty leagues, taking into account a proposed branch crossing the district called Campos. There are twenty leagues already made, and a company, at the head of which is Aguado, the banker of Paris, has undertaken to complete the work. This canal cannot fail to have important consequences, not only on the northern provinces of Spain, but in all those European nations which import corn. Castile is one of the most fruitful countries in the world—the quality of the corn is excellent—and when inland transport is cheap and expeditious, no other country can export it in greater quantity, or at a less price. We see by the Spanish papers, that 511 vessels left the northern sea-ports freighted with corn, within six months. What would their numbers have been, had the canal been completed?

Combination of Authors.—In consequence of some attempts having lately been made by the French authorities to re-establish a censorship over dramatic productions, and the managers of some theatres having manifested a disposition to yield to it, by consenting to submit all pieces to a previous examination, the authors, to the number of *seventy-five*, have entered into a combination to resist it, and if they can hold out, they have hit on the right method. They have agreed, under a heavy penalty, to withdraw, from those theatres whose managers submit pieces to previous examination, all their works, whether represented or not, over which they have control, and not to present any new ones until such managers shall think proper to come to their senses.

† Nos. 120, 121. ‡ No. 153.

The Baïram has been celebrated, for the first time these three years, at Constantinople. It took place with the usual solemnities in March, when the Sultan proceeded to the mosque accompanied by a splendid cortege, the troops all wearing the new uniform, made after the European fashion.

A drama of a singular kind has been brought out at the *Cirque Olympique* in Paris, entitled *Les Lyons de Mysore*, in which real lions perform their parts to the great delight of crowded houses—even kangaroos, boas, and other wild animals have been tamed, and taught to bear their parts *comme des personnes raisonnables!*

An advertising paper has been projected in Paris under the title of *Le Publicateur Universel*, which is to be distributed gratis.

The French government have appointed a commission for the revision of the criminal code, which will commence its labours forthwith.

We are glad to learn that Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to settle an annuity of 30*l.* on the little Albanese girl whom we spoke of some weeks ago.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of W.&Mon.		Thermom. Max.	Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th.	5	62	37	29.50	S.W. to N.	Showers.
Fr.	6	60	29	29.70	N.W.	Cloudy.
Sat.	7	57	35	29.75	E.	Ditto.
Sun.	8	55	37	30.05	N.E.	Ditto.
Mon.	9	57	43	30.17	E.	Clear.
Tues.	10	57	40	30.10	E. to N E.	Cloudy.
Wed.	11	61	38½	Stat.	E.	Clear.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cirrostratus.

Freezing on Friday night. Nights fair; mornings fair and clear.

Mean temperature of the week, 40.5°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon and Jupiter in conjunction on Thursday, at 3h. 40m. P.M.

The Sun and Herschell quartile on Thursday, at 4h. 45m. P.M.

Venus's geocentric long. on Wed. 23° 37′ in Gemini.
Mars's — — — 4° 59′ in Cancer.
Sun's — — — 20° 0′ in Taurus.

Length of day on Wed. 15h. 19m.; increased, 7h. 35m.

Sun's horary motion 2′ 25″. Logarithmic number of distance on Sun, .004126.

Athenæum Advertisement.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Forthcoming.—The second volume of the Life o Thomas Ken, deprived Bishop of Bath and Wells; seen in connexion with the spirit of the times, political and religious; particularly those great events, the Restoration, and Revolution of 1688, including the period of fanatical Puritanism from 1640 to the death of Cromwell. By the Rev. W. L. Bowles.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS

We regret that we must defer the notice of Sir Arthur de Capell Brooke's Travels, and the Correspondence of Dr. Basire, until next week.—So, all answers to Correspondents.

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